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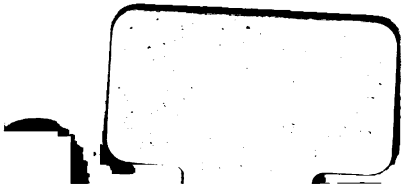

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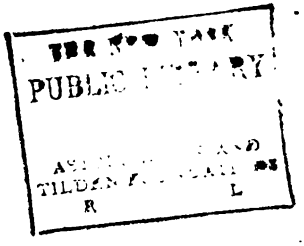
PUBLIC

BEAR-HUNTING.

WARM HEARTS IN COLD REGIONS

Page 16

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WARM HEARTS

IN

COLD REGIONS.

A Tale of Arctic Life.

BY

CHARLES EDE, R.N.

LONDON:
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WARM HEARTS IN COLD REGIONS.

CHAPTER I.

THE EXILES' HOME.

ON the western coast of Greenland there is a Danish settlement, called Uppernavik, part of which is formed by a few straggling huts belonging to the Esquimaux. The whale-fishermen occasionally touch there during the summer, and ships from Denmark make periodical visits, bringing supplies for the little colony, and carrying away the spoils of the chase. But for these arrivals, the life of the European residents would be too solitary, even for the Moravian missionary, who holds the chief position in Uppernavik.

Some years before the opening of my nar-

rative, Wilhelm Müller had undertaken the charge of the station. He was rather above the middle height, powerfully made, temperate in mind and body, with a simple, truthful manner, admirably suited to the race he had so long striven to christianize. His undaunted courage enabled him to bear patiently the dangers and sufferings incident to his responsible position. Müller united the learning of the scholar with the vigour of the sportsman, and to his skill in the use of the rifle the settlers were indebted for many a plentiful meal of reindeer flesh.

The Esquimaux looked up to him as a father, and in all their troubles sought his advice and assistance.

Müller was a widower, and with him resided his only daughter. She was about sixteen years of age, tall, and elegantly formed, with all the golden beauty of the pure Scandinavian. Gentle, kind, and playful, her ever ready smile and earnest manner endeared her to the hearts of the neighbours. Silena was brought into frequent communication with the natives in her endeavour to assist and instruct them; and this, the more often, as winter ap-

proached, when extreme cold prevented the pursuit of reindeer; hence, she became acquainted with their superstitions, harmless in themselves, but little in keeping with the tenets of her religion.

Brought up by her father, and sharing with him the privations of a distant colony, she was rendered fearless of physical danger, and resolute in difficulties far beyond her age, and strangely at variance with her delicate appearance.

In the evenings of their short summer, when the sun skirts the horizon without dipping below it, Müller, seated at the door of the house, would call Silena to him, and bid her read aloud one of the stirring tales from the old voyagers, who had first coasted the rough and perilous shores of Greenland. He admired the bold truthfulness of their accounts, and readily made allowance for the romance they mingled with the hard facts of difficult and dangerous voyages.

His daughter read with eagerness the traditions of the colonization of Greenland by the Normans, and never tired of their chivalrous adventures.

It was on one of these occasions that their attention was attracted by the shouts and gesticulations of a half-bred native, who came towards them, as fast as his cumbersome seal-skin dress would permit. Interruptions were not unfrequent, for Müller, as the arbiter of the village, was appealed to at all hours; violent exclamations were, however, very unusual, the Esquimaux having learned to approach their benefactor with propriety.

The man proved to be Calleharona, a very worthless character; nevertheless, a most expert hunter. Although useful for his readiness and activity, he could not be safely trusted, as he was not given to speak the truth; and, in spite of the governor's care, seemed to be but little improved in this particular.

"Bring the rifle," was all he could find breath to say, as he drew near.

When he had somewhat recovered himself, he stated that the bears were breaking into the native cachés, or stores of provision; and that the men were absent in pursuit of reindeer.

They could now hear the indistinct sounds of women's voices, and the yelping of dogs in the distance.

Müller entered the house to procure his rifle, and started with the bearer of the news in quest of the marauders.

Silena remained for some minutes watching his departure, and then turned to admire the inexpressibly grand scene, stretching away seaward. The huge icebergs, interspersed with broad floe pieces, were moving southward, in solemn state, mimicing, in their varied forms, the towers, spires, and steeples of some fair city—the thousand dazzling reflections, from their surfaces, filling the opaline shadows with mysterious light.

Further off, and upon the horizon, the magical mirage played with the moving masses, raising them high in the air, inverted, distorted, and multiplied. No words can describe, no colours can convey the effect of that changing panorama, that natural kaleidoscope.

Those travellers, who have wandered through these sublime fastnesses of the world, have acknowledged their awe-inspiring grandeur, and have marvelled at the inexhaustible beauties of creation, as showing forth the glory of the Creator.

Silena was soon interrupted in her reverie, by the approach of their only servant.

"I cannot tell how it is we have not thought of the winter furs, Miss, they will not do for another season."

"You are so good a manager, dear Gottfrieda, that we leave them to your care. I will, with pleasure, look them over with you whenever you can find time."

"I do not like to take you away from your father. Poor man! he has need of some one to cheer him, amidst this pack of idle fellows, who only make work for him. They might have left one or two of their lazy men to guard the caché, instead of trusting to chance."

"The bears do not often come so close to our dwellings, Gottfrieda."

"Nevertheless," urged the woman, "master is to be pitied. There is not a sorrow in the country but he is expected to bear the half of it upon his great brave shoulders. If I were the governor for a week, there would be a change before the end of it, I promise them."

Gottfrieda Swabbe was a privileged servant. She had left Copenhagen with the family, and had been faithful to its members through

many years of trial. After the death of her mistress, she had carefully nursed Silena, and administered the affairs of the household with discretion. To a merry blue eye, and a quiet cast of feature, she added a thoroughly kind heart; and but for a slight quickness of temper, not unlike the sudden splash of a stone thrown into a smooth pond, making a great noise and commotion for the moment, then gradually passing back to its old state of repose, in wider and wider circles, she would have been faultless in her station.

"The time has nearly arrived for the return of the ship from Denmark," remarked Silena, "and then for more news from home; although too young to remember when we left, I shall always think of it as my home."

"Yes, you were very young, and as I carried you down to the boat, many a tearful eye was upon you. I look forward to the news from the old country with dread, for every year brings tidings of some one of my early acquaintance having passed away. I fear there will not be very many of those who knew me remaining when we return."

"Why are you sad to-day, Gottfrieda?

These forebodings are not usual; it was never your wont to meet sorrow half-way, and that, half-way to Denmark."

"Aye, but to be so long in this dreadful country, living in the hope of meeting with kind friends, and then to hear of their dying without my receiving another pleasant smile from them, or even a word, to say I was remembered. Each year, I feel, one has less to live for, and that will make the parting easier. I am too old to form new friendships."

"Hark! there is the crack of the rifle, they have found the bears without much trouble."

"Your ears are quick, Gottfrieda, for that shot was some distance from us. I do hope the poor dogs will not suffer as they did at the last hunt."

"I hope not, poor things. Will the lime juice come by the next ship?"

"Yes; we are to have double the quantity this year, and preserved milk in addition, as the natives had scurvy so badly during the last season."

"Is it true, Miss, that the vessel will remain more than a twelvemonth in this country?"

"We have heard so, as it is not possible to

complete the survey under that time; and, unless any unforeseen circumstance should arise, it is likely they will choose this harbour for their winter quarters; if so it will be a pleasant change for us, with such limited society as we possess."

After an hour's sharp walk Müller drew near to the manse, and found Silena coming to meet him.

"We have been fortunate to-night, my daughter," he said, as he walked by her side. "Two of the largest bears seen here for many months have been secured, and to-morrow the men will bring in the skins."

"Gottfrieda and I only heard one report, how, then, did you kill two bears?"

"The first shot you heard was at the largest caché, where I had no trouble in shooting the first animal, he was so gorged with food he had no power to run away. The second reached the floe, and was only brought to a stand by the dogs at a considerable distance from the village, and, as the wind was blowing fresh from the south-west, you might not have heard me fire a second time. Let us to supper, the walk has improved my usually good ap-

petite. One of the natives said, as we came along, that he had seen a big ship in the mirage, to the southward; if so, we shall have visitors in the morning."

Their meal of cakes and deer-flesh was upon the table when they reached the house. Müller said his customary benediction, and proceeded to do justice to the light and wholesome meat. The conversation turned upon the expected arrival from Denmark, and the hope of good news.

What a luxury to these exiles, to receive the intelligence of a whole year, and to pore over the papers and letters from their friends! It was the only link that bound them to civilized life.

CHAPTER II.

THE MESSMATES.

WHEN the world is new to us, we look upon our fellow-creatures without distrust, and form friendships with greater readiness and with less inquiry as to the stability of the foundation upon which they are based than in after years, when many of our early acquaintances and friends have resolved themselves into mere passers by, to whom we bow without any further greeting beyond the formal salutations common to society. The freshness and brilliancy of life is subdued by the experience we gain; and if we lose half the glitter, we have at least the solid satisfaction which more than compensates; but when, by time, the friend of our youth is bound closer to us, for his tried and sterling qualities, we build around him our hopes and pleasures, clinging with as much certainty to our

faith in him, as the spider to the glistening threads he has so long and carefully cherished, repairing by renewed attention, those that have yielded and become weakened from the casualties of time.

The mirage which acted as a natural telegraph to the people of Uppernavik by revealing the approach of the vessel coming from Denmark, is best explained by the trick of the coin in the empty basin being rendered visible to the eye of an observer, who has retreated from it so as to hide the piece of money below its edge, when water is poured into it. The different density producing refraction, the object appears lifted above its real site, so, when a south-westerly wind laden with vapour from the Atlantic, occupies the lower stratum of air, while the upper is free from moisture, the ship, like the coin, comes into view; and thus the day before its actual arrival, they had really seen the visitor at a distance where it would have been otherwise invisible. In this vessel was Walter Manfred, an Englishman by birth, but serving in the Danish navy, which he entered when very young; and Karl Petersen, a Dane. They had been many voyages together, and

were about the same age. From the knowledge thus acquired of each other by the close intimacy the confinement within the small space of a man-of-war necessitates, a sincere friendship had arisen, founded partly on esteem for each other's good qualities, and from their similarity in habits and education. They were nicknamed by their messmates, "The Inseparables."

Walter's features were large and bold, indicating power and strength of purpose. The penetrating glance of his keen, dark eye, reminded one of the steady, undaunted gaze of a mastiff, when watching the approach of a friend or foe. He had a rolling gait, but sufficiently elastic to deprive it of the slouching indolence generally accompanying the habit. The great breadth of his chest and muscularity of his limbs, gave a heavy, awkward character to his person.

Karl was decidedly handsome, with delicate regular features, freed, however, from effeminacy by their marked intellectual expression. His amiability was rendered particularly attractive by the activity of his mind, and the gift of ready conversation. His education had been

carefully promoted by the choice of excellent masters.

Karl was taller than his friend, but of slighter conformation, making up for his inferior strength, by the agility arising from the frequent use of gymnastic exercises. The gentleness of the one almost precluded any quarrel that might have arisen from the quick temper of the other; their friendship had never been interrupted by coldness or dispute. After going several voyages together, they were appointed to a surveying vessel bound for the coast of Greenland. The officers are selected for these expeditions from their fellows, for those qualities most likely to ensure the successful results anticipated by those in authority. Petersen had been chosen for his scientific attainments, and Manfred for his consummate seamanship and self-possession under difficulties. The novelty of the cruise attracted many candidates, and it was with unalloyed pleasure our heroes found themselves gazetted to the same ship. The young men had advanced rapidly in their profession. The captains with whom they had sailed possessed the utmost confidence in them, so that if important enterprises were to be undertaken, the

services of one or other were enlisted, and thus they were constantly placed in positions where they had opportunities of distinguishing themselves above the majority of their shipmates. In the conscientious performance of our duty, we lay the foundation of our future career of glory and happiness. We too often attribute to good fortune the rise of those who have attained the highest eminence, instead of tracing it back to its real source, the care with which the first steps in life are taken.

The corvette employed on this survey was called the *Fulmar*. The name was appropriately chosen from one of the strong-winged seagulls frequenting the northern ocean, whose untiring pinions bear it over the roughest seas, and against the violent gales prevailing there, and rendered more difficult to combat by coming from the eternal glacier. She was light, and strongly built, capable of encountering the heaviest storms with the same immunity as her living namesake. As with a fair wind she neared the coast of Greenland, a natural curiosity was excited in those who, for the first time, sailed in these waters to catch the first glimpse of the ice; a few days served to familiarise them.

The dark brown hills partially covered with snow, strangely belied the name given to the country by the early navigators, Greenland.

Flocks of small birds about the size of a fieldfare passed them; their plumage was black and white in nearly equal proportion. They feed upon small shrimps during the summer, and become very fat. As portions of the open sea actually swarm with these sea insects the birds are able to procure ample supplies for their young. They fly in a double line formed like a wedge, and vary in number from five or six to twenty or thirty.

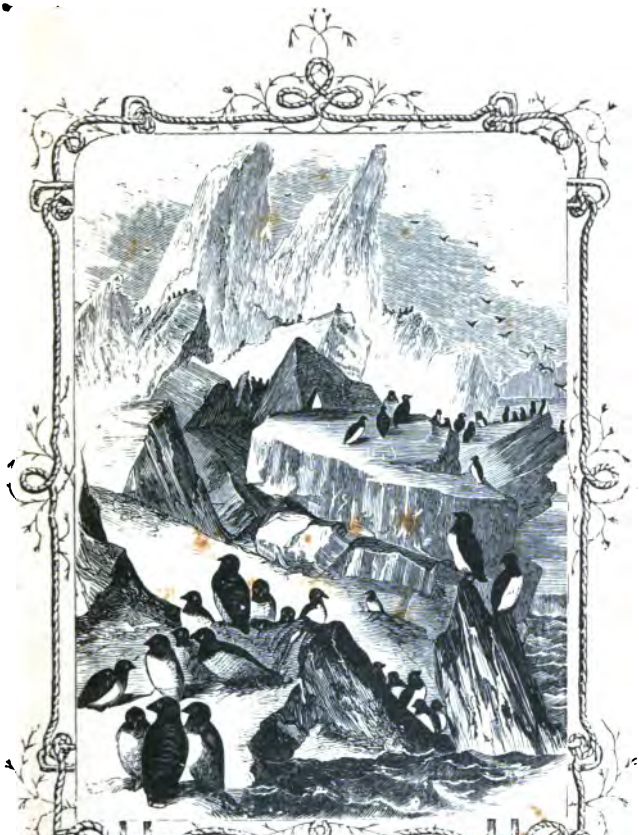
The wind falling light, and the ice closing before the *Fulmar*, by the action of the tide, permission was granted to a boat-party of officers and men, to pull into the shore for the purpose of shooting. Karl and Manfred were to be of the party, and asked many questions of the old hands as to the best spot likely to afford good sport. The boat was manned in a very short time, every one of her crew being anxious to push off from the ship, the change and novelty of the scene lending unusual alacrity to their preparations, which consisted of hand-

ing into her, powder, shot, fowling pieces, and creature comforts of various descriptions.

Now they are off, pulling in for the land with a will, laughing and talking in the highest possible spirits; from time to time the eider duck and loon would fly near to them, and more than once, the young hands were tempted to drop the oars and seize the guns; this, however, was soon put a stop to by the 'old Arctics,' who advised them to reserve their fire until they could make sure of their game without interrupting the progress of the general sport by the delay the securing of a stray bird or two upon the water would necessitate.

How grand! was the general exclamation, as the boat glided beneath the flat perpendicular face of the dark, and abrupt headland, called Cape Shackleton, and became lost in the shadow of its fifteen hundred feet of height. Karl remarked how much the eye was at fault here in judging distance, one of the men asserting that they were within a stone's throw of the wall-like cliff, when at least half a mile from it. The only certain method was by fixing the sight upon a bird of known size, and watching it until it settled upon the granite

ledge, and then, by noticing the distinctness of form, or, if nearer, of colour, some approximation to the true distance might be arrived at. They all understated the number of yards they were from the cliff. When within gunshot they lay upon their oars to gaze upwards at the extraordinary appearance the surface presented, as far as the eye could reach. Crowded on the shelves of the rock, were innumerable birds, chiefly loon, the *uria brunichii* and *uria troile*. They are about the size of an English duck ; and usually sit erect, moving their heads watchfully from side to side, their white breast showing conspicuously against the dark stone. They here deposit their eggs, generally one to each mother, of an olive brown colour, rather larger than a duck's egg, and more pointed at the smaller end. The flavour of the yolk is strong, but with the appetite acquired in Baffin's Bay by no means an objection likely to be regarded by the consumer. While hatching they are very tame, and may be readily taken by the hand in the more accessible parts of the rocks, yet not without showing a determined front, and vigorously using their powerful beaks to inflict painful wounds upon



COLONY OF "LOONS."
Page 24.

the unwary. At the first report of a gun, the rush of life is quite startling. The cliff seems to vibrate with their simultaneous spring, as its terrified inhabitants plunge into the air, and for a short time wing their way out to sea, returning with hasty flight to their eggs or young. The sky is darkened above you by the multitude of birds, whose varying positions produce a giddiness in those who lift their eyes upwards to the busy scene; and the mind is filled with wonder, that amidst such a host of moving creatures, no real confusion ever happens, each avoiding the other so adroitly that a collision never occurs. Here the shooting became mere slaughter, four or five, and sometimes as many as ten, would be brought down at each shot.

The extent of this "loonery" is such, that a whole fleet might be supplied from it, and yet a sufficient number be left to give the appearance of crowding to the colony. The novelty of the place, together with the excitement of the sport, caused the time to pass away unnoticed. It was not until their ammunition began to fail, that they thought of returning with the very handsome bag they had secured.

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The night was perfectly calm; and the *Fulmar* lay motionless upon the water. One of the men, who had been originally a collector of sea fowl's eggs in the Orkney Islands, clambered up the uneven surface of the rock and collected several dozen eggs.

The young men were proud of their success, their animated faces glowing with pleasure as they sat down in the boat to partake of a substantial repast from the good things they had brought with them.

"How nobly," said Karl, "that towering mass of rock stands forth against the cloudless sky, reflecting itself in the calm blue sea! How beautiful are those silver streaks of falling water descending from the melting snow at its summit! What an object for a painter!"

"I think," replied Manfred, "the restless life with which it swarms would baffle high art to portray. What an undefined humming seems to fill the air!"

"The sound must be occasioned by the quick stroke of the birds' wings," said Karl, who sat watching the busy creatures poising themselves, with tremulous, half-closed wings, upon the ledges of granite.

"These loon make uncommon good soup, Mr. Petersen," said the quarter-master, who steered the boat. "You see, sir, you must first take their jackets off, for they are apt to be strong, and then put them in salt and water for twelve hours; after that, wash them well, and boil them down with some spice; and if a little wine is to be had, why, a glass of port before they come to table spirits them up wonderful."

"Thank you; I shall remember your receipt—one worth knowing in this country."

"I learned it from the steward of the last ship I was in that sailed in these waters, sir; an uncommon clever kind of chap he was for cooking fowl."

"What an admirable position the loon select to be safe from their enemies."

"Yes," replied Karl, "they have God's teaching instinct, by which many of the lower animals successfully compete with their most cunning persecutor, man."

"Look! look!" exclaimed Manfred, "what a grave, reverend head that is above the waves, with its shining white tusks and large eyes."

"That is a walrus, sir; some call it a sea-horse, but I never saw a horse with tusks and beard."

"Do they not herd very much together?" asked Karl.

"Yes sir; and, like the seal, enjoy basking in the sun upon the rocks or floe pieces of ice. They smell like pigs in warm weather."

"The wind is springing up from the south, Manfred; had we not better pull on board?"

"With all my heart; come then, lads, take your oars."

Half-an-hour's pleasant exertion brought them alongside, the ship having stood towards them under easy sail.

WALRUS SPORTING.
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CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST LETTER.

THERE are two ways of acquiring information in the world: by direct observation of the matter, forces, and life therein acting, and by borrowing from the stored-up labours of our fellow-men.

To many minds, the latter is more congenial and presents less difficulty than the former; to others, and those generally of the greatest power, the world is their storehouse, from which they draw the materials for thought.

The short period of time given to man for the employment of his faculties on earth renders it impossible, even for the strongest intellects, to embrace the whole field of nature; hence, by mutual consent, men have divided and sub-divided its kingdoms for particular study; so that, availing ourselves of their observations, we gain more knowledge in less time than by

working nature's mine; nevertheless, when viewed through the minds of others, we are apt to perpetuate those errors which arise from the peculiar construction of their ideas.

Ella Petersen, the mother of our hero, Karl, resided at Copenhagen. She was by birth a native of Sweden. To great personal beauty she added an unusually powerful mind, and a disposition of genial amiability. Her early training had been judiciously and carefully conducted, and her own efforts completed the work so excellently begun. A more cultivated intellect was rarely met with in her own class of society.

Having so largely benefitted by education, Mrs. Petersen was desirous of conferring upon her children the greatest advantages her own knowledge could procure, for which purpose she was anxious that Karl should see other countries, and mix with men of all nations; and, although to part with her only son cost many a struggle, yet, when once she was convinced of the duty, the dictates of her heart were not allowed to interfere with the convictions of her judgment. When a commission in the Danish service was offered to her for Karl,

she gladly availed herself of the opportunity thus afforded him of seeing the world.

The last ship from Greenland brought a letter from her boy, stating, if they were successful in avoiding the drifting pack in Baffin's Bay, it would be impossible for him to write again that year with any hopes of being able to transmit it to Denmark. The letter was full of ardent terms of affection, and admirable descriptions of the scenes amongst which he was thrown.

Calling her daughter, Mrs. Petersen took down from the book-case a late work relating to that portion of the globe in which her son was, and spreading out the map before them, she proceeded to trace out the track of the *Fulmar*, from the time of its departure, following it up to the latest known date.

"Mamma, do let me find the pictures of the birds Karl mentions in his letter; do you think he has sketched them?"

"I hope so, Edith, for they can only be truly represented when seen in their natural state. You may bring me the book on animals, given to you by Dr. Krantz, and we will find them in the order in which they are mentioned in your brother's letter."

"But, mamma, how can they live if it is so very cold? There can be no water for them to drink."

"The animals either return to the south or hybernate, that is, sleep through the winter; their instinct teaches them when to depart, or when to bury themselves in the snow or earth."

Edith placed the book upon the table, and turned to the engraving of the polar bear.

"Most bears," said Mrs. Petersen, "feed upon roots and berries; the black bear will cleverly suck an egg, but the only flesh-eating bear is the polar."

"What broad paws the creature has, mamma."

"Yes, it is the form best suited for walking upon the snow and ice."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Krantz, the master from whom young Petersen had acquired his classical and general education.

"Good evening to you, my very good friend; the post having arrived to-day, I came to hear of my favourite pupil, a clever, good lad, and I am told rapidly rising in the service; all sorts of golden opinions are held

about him at head-quarters. How fares he in the Arctics? What says he of the glacier; and the opinions of Agassiz? Ah! he will find his advantage in Baron Wrangel's voyage to those parts, which I gave him upon parting, —a good, clever lad."

"Yes, Dr. Krantz, we have heard, and here is the letter, which you shall read when I have sufficiently enjoyed it; but I hope you will pass lightly over his expressions about home, and those he has left behind; for I know you are a Spartan, with regard to the display of the softer feelings; is it not so, doctor?"

"It has never seemed good to me, Mrs. Petersen, that men who have to battle with the world, should yield one foot of the vantage ground to those feelings which are too apt to decoy us from the great work of our life; hence, it has always been my endeavour to repress them, or at least, their manifestation, believing that in the majority there will be still enough left to prevent hard-heartedness or cruelty."

"But do you not think the suppression of all signs of feeling is apt to deter others from seeking further acquaintance with those who

put up the iron shutters of their hearts, until, at last, they find they are left without a friend in the world?"

"There are moments when those shutters must be thrown open, and they happen quite often enough to remove any fear of injurious effects from ordinary closure."

"Although preferring the Athenian to the Spartan discipline, for one so sensitive as my dear boy, I think you may be right, for did he wear his heart upon his sleeve, there would be but a poor chance of his succeeding with men of the present day, more especially while beating about the world as a sailor."

"Do you know his friend, Manfred, the Englishman, Dr. Krantz?"

"Ay, in good faith, I do; a more determined, brave, good-natured, thoughtless lad I never tried to teach. They are quite suited to each other."

"I am glad they are sailing together; it is well! it is well!"

Little Edith had quitted the room in great haste upon the entrance of Dr. Ludwig Krantz, having imbibed a certain amount of awe of him from her brother's remarks.

"This is a sweet specimen of the Arctic flora," said the doctor, as he examined a small dried plant.

"It is, I think, the *Papaver Nudicaule*, a treasure to those with herbariums, and a leaf or two of the Arctic willow, the *Salix Arctica*. It is well! it is well! he evidently follows up his botanical study. What pleasant talk we shall have upon his return to Copenhagen!"

"May I beg one leaf to show to my scholars, —to hold up to them as a remembrance of one of my best and most clever boys? It is strange how some lads take away our feelings with them."

"Certainly, I will spare one; but pray, remember the Spartans, and practise what you preach, or my faith in your system will be terribly shaken, so do not take down the iron shutters before those who believe them always closed."

"I hear that the *Fulmar* is to call at Uppernavik, where Karl will meet my old and sterling friend Müller, the Moravian missionary."

"What a life! to leave the enjoyments of civilized people, and fix yourself amongst the

lowest tribe of our species, creatures who feed upon oil until they are as coarse and animal as the mammals they live on."

"It seems to me that Müller had need of the resignation of Socrates, to endure so many winters of inertion, and a climate with so few pleasures."

"Say, rather, the faith of a Christian, the unselfish love of good which no other religion can infuse into its followers. I think, doctor, the man who can submit to such a life for so many years must be truly holy."

"It is all very well for my friend; but his daughter would be far better placed in Denmark. The young mind receives impressions so quickly, and retains them until the last moments of existence, that we cannot be too careful as to the scenes, and persons, which surround it.

"Memory is like the sensitive plate of Daugerre, the image once formed thereon can only be displaced by the destruction of its surface."

"If Wilhelm Müller is with Silena it does not matter where she may be placed. He so attracts those about him, and by his example

and teaching so influences those near him, that there can be but little fear for his own daughter. She has been taught that love and respect for her excellent father, which will outweigh the evil she may meet with in so distant and so thinly peopled a land. No one is better able to instruct a child."

"It is well, it is well! I love Müller too much to utter one syllable that might detract from his merits; although they intrench upon my particular calling, they stand, I believe, upon a foundation as firm as the granite mountains upon which he dwells, and are as dear to his friends as to himself. The accounts we receive from Greenland are conclusive; he is as deeply reverenced by the Esquimaux as were the patriarchs by the children of Israel."

"You were speaking of young Manfred."

"We expect his parents from England in a few weeks, whither they have gone to learn the latest possible news that may come by the whale fishermen, who return late in the the year to that country. Their youngest son is under my care, he is a quick lad, and is destined for the Indian army. He will be

much pleased with the report contained in your letter; and, with your permission, I will read a few extracts to him when you send it to me."

"That you may with pleasure, for I take great interest in the Manfreds; they are the oldest acquaintances I have in Copenhagen. Or stay; kindly allow the lad to visit us to-morrow, and he then can convey the letter for your perusal."

To this Dr. Krantz assented; and with many congratulations upon the receipt of such pleasing intelligence took his leave.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SURFACE NET.

THE researches of the philosopher seem mere folly to the untutored mind; if, then, the wisdom of one man is unperceived by his fellow, how much more must we expect to find men who are blind to the wisdom of God. If we consider, how little any one mind has added to our knowledge of the Creator's great design, we are not surprised that generation after generation passed away in ignorance of his wonderful works; and hence we admit the necessity for revelation.

With the advantages of modern instruction, with the immense stores of accessible information, our progress is still very slow, and the real time given to each matured mind for deduction, is limited to a few short years; this, with the fact of the small number of intellects fit for sound original thought, accounts for the very gradual advance in

knowledge. Men are but yet upon the threshold of science, and years, ages, must elapse, ere the sublimest truths are mastered.

As the *Fulmar* swept slowly along, under the influence of a light breeze, Karl took the opportunity of lowering his surface net, for the purpose of obtaining the small jelly fish and other creatures abounding in these seas. Allowing some time to elapse after adjusting the line by which it was made fast, he called the quarter-master.

"Draw in the net, Davie;—gently! there now, raise it over the tafrail."

"Ah! Mr. Petersen, you'll have a poor haul to my thinking, nothing but a few flimsy creatures, that would not fatten a gull."

"Quite true: and yet for all your boasted experience of these parts, they fatten a much larger animal, being the chief food of the ponderous whale."

"It's lucky then, Mr. Peterson, he feeds without thinking, for else, he would feel horridly ridiculous at the smallness of his meat. And yet they would suit me well enough, seeing they do not require teeth."

"Look, Davie, at the beautiful form of this Clio; now it is once more in water, how like a transparent bird it swims about. Do you see the red spot in the middle of its body, that is its heart, you can see it moving."

"There seems to my old eyes, a bit of a blubber fish, like a piece of clear jelly, and they are common enough in these waters, hardly worth the catching, I should think."

"Have you a Clio borealis at last?" said Manfred, as he came aft and looked into the bucket, over which Karl was stooping.

"Yes; there it is with its restless wings, rounded head, and the queer movement of the tail. The thin line, from the small bulb of a reddish tint, is the great vessel of the body. It is a Pteropod, and one of the most singular of its race. Close to it is the Beroe, a sack-like body, furnished with minute hairs, or cilia, by which it creates a currant in the water, directing its food to its mouth. The colours, produced by varied rate of motion of the cilia, are most beautiful, quite a water chamelion, for in a few minutes the whole rainbow seems to have been laid under contribution. If this glass-like bag be turned

inside out, it continues to live, and does not show signs of being inconvenienced by the operation. These minute medusæ have been erroneously supposed to occasion the phosphorescence seen at night, on the surface of the ocean."

"What is this, Karl, of a dark olive colour, rising and fanning with its fins, and then plumping down, like a small shot, to the bottom of the pail?"

"That will repay examination; it is a miniature nautilus. Take one in your hand, and you will find it has a clear diaphanous shell with ribs, like that of the paper nautilus. The animal within, gives the brown look to the creature; it is called the *Argonauta Arctica*, an ending of our old classical friends, quite as probable as any other, and certainly an elegant one. It moves through its native element by means of small fins, capable of being hidden within the fragile covering, at the will of the owner."

"We have been fortunate with our surface net to-day."

"That shrimp-like creature is the food of the rotchies and dovekies; the naturalists give

it a very ugly name, Entromastraca. When seen under the microscope, it has the appearance of being studded with rubies; they are said to be its eyes. It moves by bringing the head and tail together, and then returning to the straight position with a jump. Every animal in these latitudes seems be be living as fast as it can, as if it dreaded the end of the brief summer. The ice has scarcely broken up, the snow but just commenced to melt, ere the land and water swarms with life; even the insect world comes forth, with redoubled activity, and musquitoes plague the traveller almost as much as in the tropics."

"The current is very strong here, Karl," said Manfred; "we are close upon Uppernavik. I long to stretch my legs once more on land."

Their attention was now called away from the contents of the net to the shore they were rapidly nearing, and their duties separated them for the time.

The lead was going at the ship's side, and as she gradually drew in to the shallow water, a boat was sent to a large iceberg for the purpose of mooring the *Fulmar*, so as to be ready, without the trouble of weighing anchor,

for a start, if the loose ice should close upon her. This is effected by means of a stout piece of iron, bent like the letter S, one end of which, being inserted into the ice, the other is fastened to a hawser secured on board.

"And now, lads, for shore," said Captain Hertz, as he descended the ship's side, and entered the stern sheets of his gig, seating himself between Karl and Manfred.

"Amongst my packet of letters for the governor, there is one from your mother, Petersen, which you had better present in person; it came with mine a short time before we sailed from Denmark."

"Take us inside this large iceberg, Davie, and then we shall have a view of the settlement, as they are pleased to call a few houses."

"Ay, ay, sir; but it looks hard and fast to the land ice, for all the drift pieces stop this side, none passing beyond the free edge."

"Right, Davie, take your own way in."

"That will be easier than taking our way out sir, for the ice is setting in, and the south-westerly wind is freshening,—the mirage of last night told a tale."

"Never mind, Davie, the ship can take care of herself."

"No offence meant, sir; we of these seas like to look ahead in good time."

Ere old Davie had finished his croaking, the latter part of which he prudently made inaudible, the boat's bows grated against the ice attached to the shore; and in a few moments the party had reached the shelving ground beyond it, where they were heartily received by Müller, who, in grasping Karl's hand, said, "You are a Petersen, I am sure, without being introduced to you, so like my friend of former years, Ella Petersen. How did you leave your mother and all our friends? Come, my countrymen, let us to the manse, where my daughter will repeat my welcome. Ah, captain, the voice of a Dane awakes so many recollections that, should I grow a little absent and inattentive, I am sure you will excuse me, I have been so long an exile."

"I accord you my sympathy," Captain Hertz replied; "for, like yourself, I have been rarely at home for the last thirty years and can enter into the nature of your trials; but we must do our duty in spite of our wishes.

We hear, in Denmark, of the improvements you have effected in these poor people; with this satisfaction, and with your acquirements, all parts of the world may be rendered endurable. We have within us powers that can outbalance the deficiencies of our position, and a consolation in our holy religion of which no latitude can deprive us."

Müller replied, "Your remarks are just; but as to my efforts, and the results thereof, you had better judge for yourself after visiting the settlement. If you can spare the young men for a day or two, and they would like a little sport, we will find them a few reindeer; or, if they prefer it, they can accompany the Usqui, upon the dog sledges, to the resorts of the seal, or in chase of the white bear."

"Thank you; I will endeavour to do without Karl and Manfred in order that they may enjoy the amusements you so kindly offer, and which, I am sure, they will accept most gladly."

"We have reached my dwelling, and hither comes my daughter. Silena, here are our new friends, Captain Hertz, Lieutenants Petersen and Manfred. Lead the way, my child."

They entered the small dining room, whose neat and comfortable furniture was well adapted to the intense cold of a Greenland winter. The window was small, and double; and the door opened into a short passage, closed by an inner baize door, so that no cold air was admitted. A map of Greenland and Baffin's Bay was suspended against the wall with one or two prints. The room contained a choice collection of native birds, prepared and stuffed by Müller, and arranged with taste by his daughter. There was also a well preserved head of the polar bear (*ursus maritimus*), once belonging to a distinguished animal of the neighbourhood; he had formerly destroyed many of the dogs, and so severly injured one of the men that he ultimately died from the hurt. Müller shot the bear soon after this last catastrophe.

At table the conversation turned upon Denmark, and many questions were asked about friends at home. The visitors were surprised to find how conversant Müller and Silena were with European news; and the young men were often at a loss to answer the numerous inquiries addressed to them. They

were much interested in the simple accounts Silena gave them of her life in Uppernavik. She promised to show her collection of plants, and to take them to the highest point of land, whence they could obtain a good view of the barren and wild country.

Gottfrieda bustled in and out of the room, smiling with pleasure at the sound of fresh voices from her fatherland, and much delighted to hear some well-known name mentioned, and to receive an occasional remark from the strangers. They were a happy party in that far off corner of the earth, away from all the jealousies and contentions of civilized existence. The whole life of these simple exiles was one continued endeavour to improve those around them, and they had very fairly succeeded.

"Gottfrieda, have you forgotten to ask after Doctor Krantz?"

"No, no; not forgotten my old master, but have not found room for my words."

"He is quite well," said Karl, "and spoke of you ere we parted, and hoped we should find you as active and happy as ever."

"Thank him, I am as happy as one can be, away from dear Denmark; but the cold wraps

my skin so close to my bones that I cannot jump about as I once did."

The party dispersed after returning thanks; the young people to seek the open air, and the captain to arrange with his host about the various stores he had on board the *Fulmar*.

Silena and her companions, upon leaving the house, climbed the hill that rose abruptly at the back of it, and passing through one of those deep ravines in the frost shattered granite, they came out upon a hollow facing the south, —this held her garden. Here she had collected the flowering plants capable of bearing the rigour of the climate. The purple saxifrage was her greatest favourite, from its showy compact blossoms, and the readiness with which it could be transplanted. The ranunculus and the yellow poppy, the cranberry, the willow, and sorrel were there, but all dwarfed by the unkindly cold. This spot, so striking amidst the barrenness of the land, attracted the animals in their summer wanderings. The white hare was frequently seen cropping the spring leaves, and, as a consequence, the arctic fox (*canislagopus*). Looking down through the parted fragments of stone, the young men were struck

with the beautiful effect produced by the accumulation of snow in those portions of the ravine where the sun's rays could not penetrate. The upper edge of the white curving crest was fringed with icicles, while on that side where the sun had more power the snow melted into numerous rills, trickling over the exposed rock, and undermining the frozen covering of the surface. From the ravine the ice-covered ocean was seen as in a triangular frame.

"You see my world before you," said Silena, pointing with her finger to the distance. The cloud-capped palaces are created by my imagination out of those roughly used pieces of glacier. Cities of men are but things of my fancy, or are made known to me through the writings of those who have lived and reigned amongst them by their intellect. Do you not pity my ignorance?"

"Oh, no," replied Karl; "those who have been reared in cities can only see them with prejudiced eyes, whereas you will go to them fresh from some of God's grandest works, and will give them only their true value."

"That may be true of the buildings; but I

have heard and read so much of the minds of great men that I long to know more intimately the master spirits of the age; for after all, you must admit, an upright thinking man is God's noblest work on earth."

"Yes; and then you will become aware that you have been guided by one of the best of them, I mean your father, Wilhelm Müller."

"Ah, there is one of my sleek little pets; do you see how he eyes us and runs to the shelter of the stones? He does not like strangers;" so saying, Silena walked forward and picked up a fat, soft animal, stouter than a dormouse, but with shorter head and legs, and of a greyish colour.

"What do you call your friend?" asked Manfred.

"It is a lemming. See how the tame, affectionate creature crawls up my sleeve; I never allow them to be hurt; but sometimes the great owl will defy me, and bear the pet away when I am not far off."

"I must crave permission to rob your garden of a few specimens, for an Arctic nosegay will be much prized in Copenhagen."

"Oh, yes; but as I am not a good collector

you had better select them; I love the beautiful and forget the rare. See, we have visitors to-day; there is one of our few dainties, the ptarmigan; you can hardly distinguish it from the ground on which it rests. Its plumage changes with the seasons; as white as snow in winter; speckled, and then brown in summer; its inconspicuousness is its only safety, for it has many enemies, both on the ground and in the air."

"You have established an universal friendship in this favoured spot; are the white bears equally courteous?" said Karl.

"I was once near one, when alone, upon the shore. I stood quite still, and fixed my eyes upon him. Bruin turned and walked away, occasionally giving me a glance as he retreated."

"Had you no fear?"

"Oh, no, not afraid; they seldom attack unless molested, or driven by hunger, then they are very fierce. The natives say if I had ran off screaming he would, most probably, have followed me."

"You require courage to face the dangers and chances of this country. Do you often venture about alone?"

"Rarely upon the shore, but frequently inland. We have one other animal far more ferocious than the bear; that is the glutton; it is not often seen, and never ventures near houses in the summer. But let us return, the sun-dog barks wind at us from his round fiery mouth, and the ice is coming in rapidly. You smile, gentlemen, but it is a disagreeable fact that a gale of wind invariably follows a parhelion, or sun-dog, and generally within forty-eight hours. These mock suns are, nevertheless, very beautiful."

CHAPTER V.

THE ESQUIMAUX HUT.

THE dwellings of men are as varied, and as indicative of their civilization, as the garments they wear. The fugacious tents of the Arabs, so well adapted to their primitive life, impress the English owner of a substantial and luxuriously fitted residence with dismay, if in his wanderings he is compelled to dwell in the flimsy structures for the first time. Captain Hertz was not less surprised when Müller introduced him to the interior of an Esquimaux hut. The chief objection was the long entrance by which they gained the sole apartment. Following his host, he crept on his hands and knees through a narrow underground passage, thirty feet in length, and so low, that he with difficulty avoided striking his head, until they came to a room a few feet square, in which they were able to stand erect. There was no window to

let in light or air. A simple lamp of oil, formed out of a roughly hewn stone, slightly hollowed, faintly illumined the chamber. A mass of greasy seal-skins, bird-skins, and dirty blackened vessels, lay strewed about the place, with a few garments equally objectionable. One end of the chamber was raised two feet above the floor, upon which an Esquimaux woman and child lay crouched beneath a heap of furs.

The odour of rancid fish oil and the close atmosphere, filled as it was by fœtid vapour, had a very powerful effect upon the captain, who, without waiting to hear Müller's greeting to the native woman, quitted the hut more quickly than he entered. His host followed him, after saying a few words to the proprietress. On reaching the open air he turned to his guest with a smile,—

"What, captain, are you not proof against a little decayed blubber?"

"Your good cheer but ill assimilates with the filthy smells and sights of your friend's residence, so I trust you will excuse my abrupt departure, after a rapid glimpse at the interior."

"Certainly, and yet I have heard that sailors never smell anything but a storm."

"Do not these people suffer very much from scurvy?"

"Yes, in the winter. I have striven for many years in vain to induce them to take precautions against the disease, which prevails most after failure in their autumn hunts. In successful seasons, when food abounds, they become very plethoric, and are subject to bleedings from the nose. The lengthened duration of light in the summer seems so to stimulate their bodies that they become full of vitality, otherwise they could not live through the long night upon the simple diet they are able to procure.

"The native remedy for scurvy is the contents of the crops of ptarmigan, which they kill in the early spring. This consists of the young buds of the willow, birch, and other shrubs. You see the green patches we are now approaching, lying well sheltered from the north? We grow the *Cochelaria Greenlandica* there. It is a species of cress, with a leaf not unlike that of the water-cress. It is also called scurvy grass. We found it

ESQUIMAUX HUTS.

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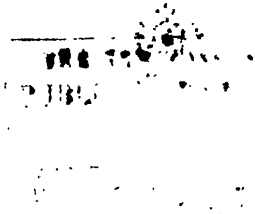

growing abundantly upon the rich soil beneath a loonery, and by importing the earth we have brought it nearer home. It requires, however, a warm and sheltered aspect. This, dressed as a salad, and a drink made with the bottled lime juice, has prevented much of the terrible suffering we formerly witnessed in this country. I suppose you very seldom meet with the disease in the navy?"

"Not often, and then it is chiefly owing to the obstinacy of a man here and there out of a large crew. I have had a sailor refuse to take the lime juice, and the first notice we have of his folly is generally through the surgeon of the ship."

"Let us return to the house, Captain; I see our young friends descending the hills, and we shall be in disgrace with Gottfrieda if we are late for her cup of tea."

They passed through the native village, which proved unattractive; a few fur-clad children stared at them out of their small oblique eyes, and a batch of howling, half-fed dogs fled before them.

The captain stopped to admire the lines, or form of a native boat, called a kyak. The

beautiful shape and neatly finished bows had an especial charm for him. All the men being away seal-hunting, he could not see it upon the water: Müller promised to show him one both building and afloat upon his return from his voyage to the north.

"You ought to know that bird," said Müller, as a dark plumaged bird, with its head twisted on one side, flew past them.

"Pray, what is it? I plead ignorance."

"The boatswain bird, or *Lestris parasiticus*. It has two long feathers, projecting like a fork from its tail, not unlike the lovely frigate-bird of the tropics in that respect, but far inferior in elegance. Have you determined to leave us as soon as the ice opens?"

"Yes; time presses, and you know well how short the period is for navigation."

"You will be able to remain longer with us on your return, I hope, for it is a great treat to me to be with my countrymen."

"That will depend upon our good fortune, and the speed with which we complete the survey."

No part of the world is so full of uncertainty as the Polar Sea,—the fairest prospect is de-

stroyed in a moment, the slightest shift of wind, and an end is put to all progress.

The merry voices of the guests resounded in the house, and gave warning to Müller that the young people had reached home before them.

"How I like to hear those happy sounds! The joyous laugh of youth, and the dear accents of my own tongue, fill me with thoughts and recollections of dear Denmark."

Müller cast a rapid glance seaward, and then turning to his friend, with a sigh said, "The ice is opening out and the wind is falling, we shall have a change in the morning."

They entered the house, and the evening was spent in singing their native airs, and in pleasant conversation.

In distant lands the passing of a few hours together seems almost sufficient to form a friendship. The heart speaks out sooner when free from the restraint of crowded rooms, and men are more natural when fewer eyes are upon them,—the knowledge of character is more rapidly acquired, and we quickly arrive at a decision as to our future terms of acquaint-

ance or friendship. The next day the ice had been carried off from the coast, and our little party at the manse was broken up by the necessity of making use of the open sea. The parting was with mutual regret, and many hopes were expressed of a repetition of the visit at the earliest opportunity. Petersen and Manfred, although ever ready for their duty, cast many a backward look of regret at their fair hostess as they moved down to the boat, and were not pleased at being compelled to forego the anticipated sport. Silena promised Karl she would obtain from the natives what plants the country possessed, as every green spot was well known to them in their search after animals.

Müller and his daughter lingered long upon the shore, watching the white sails fill, and the elegant ship swing round to the breeze, as she gradually spread out her canvas wings, and so away, further and further, until she hovered a moment on the horizon, and then was lost to sight.

The exiles' best jewels are friendly faces, for they leave much of their lustre behind them, and are set in the heart for ever. "Come,

Silena, let us to our duties; we cannot recall them by looking after them. They were a source of great pleasure to us during their short stay, and I trust we shall meet again before they shape their course for Denmark."

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOST BOAT.

THE last days of summer lingered in warm delight, the autumn breathlessly advanced, stealing over the yellow harvest-fields, and caressing the bloom upon the ripe fruits of the orchard, and yet no tidings of her son had reached Mrs. Petersen, since we last saw her conversing with Dr. Krantz over the open letter.

Oh, the anxiety of that noble heart! Did she in those moments of suspense utter one regret? No; she had decided with unbiassed judgment, and then committed her only son to the keeping of the God she truthfully worshipped. It tried her courage to be so long without news. The last vessel for the year had only brought a letter from Müller, in which he spoke of her son's hasty departure for the north, and of the brief but delightful hours they had passed together. It described

Karl as being full of life, buoyant with spirits, and eager for adventure.

There was one other possibility of receiving news, and that was from the Manfreds, when they returned from England.

Was the good mother a trifle paler? Did her friends notice her moments of thoughtfulness, and absence of manner? Yes, but they did not feel the weary watching, the ever wakefulness of her heart, or the pallid cheek would have been less strange to them. With the greatest resignation there is still anxiety, and moments when the best and bravest flinch beneath the trial. Many weeks passed away before the Manfreds returned. Mrs. Petersen received the first intelligence of their arrival from her good friend Dr. Krantz, who called one morning with Walter's brother.

"I have this moment heard through my young pupil of his parents being once more in the city; and, I am gratified to say, further news will reach you this afternoon; but do not anticipate anything definite, as their account is based upon rumour."

"Have you seen them, doctor?"

"No, I have not, but a letter came to the

school for this youth, in which it stated that a few particulars of the *Fulmar* had been obtained. I entreat you not to place much dependence upon the reports of the whale fishermen, they have so frequently been in error. It is possible there may be a grain of truth, mixed up with the husks of many guesses."

"You alarm me, Dr. Krantz. Why are you so anxious that I should not trust to their statements? Have you—have you heard any bad news? Oh! pray tell me."

"I assure you I have heard nothing to alarm you, but I thought it was possible you might have set your hopes too strongly on this the last chance for the year, and then the disappointment would be very great should no satisfactory account arrive."

"I cannot divest myself of the idea that you are fencing off, Dr. Krantz; tell me all you really know."

"There is a report in which I place little credence, that one of the whalers had spoken the *Fulmar*, and to the inquiry of 'All well?' the answer returned was: 'Yes, all well on board, but one boat is lost, containing two officers and two seamen; she parted from the

ship, and before her return the ship was beset by the ice, and driven southward, from which position they were unable to extricate the vessel, until they were off Uppernavik.'"

"Is that the only news, doctor?"

"It is, madam."

"Then my mind is relieved, thank you very much for your kindness in coming to me so soon. It is not known who the officers were, I suppose?"

"No; no names were given, as the ships were obliged to part company before they could hear any more, nor is it even stated where they fell in with the *Fulmar*, but I should think after she left the pack ice."

"If it should happen to be my boy and Manfred, I feel sure they will be found, as both of them are brave and skilful, and of great resources under difficulties. What men will do they will, not only for themselves, but for the poor fellows who may be with them. We must not take for granted that which we cannot affirm, as they may be safe on board the *Fulmar*, and the officers in the boat are as likely to be their messmates as themselves."

In the afternoon the Manfreds called, and the subject was renewed.

Colonel Manfred was very sanguine, and at once ran over the probable condition of the boat party, at the time of separation.

"It is clear to me, madam, that when they left the ship, they had an ample supply of ammunition, and most probably a good store of food. We can only arrive at the conclusion, that the boat left on a shooting excursion, from the small number with her; if it had been a surveying trip she would have been better manned, and more notice would have been taken of the weather. If they had sufficient sport to use most of their powder, they must have procured ample provision in the form of edible birds, so that there would be no chance of starvation for weeks. The boat would enable them to push down the coast, and thus reach the most northern settlement. The only point at which I am at fault, is the exact locality they were in at the time. It must have been near land, or they would not have left the ship without seeing the necessity of watching the weather, and if so, they could follow the coast line to the Greenland settlements."

"You forget, Colonel Manfred, that there are many islands some distance from the mainland, where the birds congregate to be safe from the animals."

"True; but having a boat with them, there could be no difficulty in passing across Baffin's Bay with common care. I have no fear for them, whoever they may be, my dear madam. They will turn up safe and sound."

There are many sanguine men in the world, who shape their arguments by their wishes, and although they may be reassuring for the time, yet their reasons seem so completely apart of themselves, that they fail to convince, and we feel relieved by their absence, that we may quietly commune with our thoughts, and argue the matter to its just conclusion. It was thus that Colonel Manfred's departure proved very agreeable to Mrs. Petersen. She determined if possible to shorten the dreary hours of uncertainty, by entering more into society; and for this purpose, renewed the acquaintance of many families in Copenhagen whose intimacy she had declined since the death of her husband.

On one occasion while paying a visit, her

eye glanced down the columns of an open newspaper, and her attention was rivetted by an announcement headed, "The *Fulmar* surveying vessel," in which it was stated that the *True Love* of Aberdeen had picked up a boat in Baffin's Bay, with the name of the ship painted on the stern sheets. It was floating bottom upwards, and had been much injured by the ice, one side being stove in, and the rudder gone. At the time of their meeting with it, the weather was cloudy, and it was blowing fresh. She had much trouble in extricating herself from the pack, which detained her a month behind the other whale ships; no land was sighted until she reached the north of Scotland.

For a moment Mrs. Petersen seemed to lose consciousness, the paragraph having taken her so much by surprise. The entrance of her friend enabled her to regain her self-possession sufficiently to explain the cause of her agitation, and to withdraw after a hasty apology. She called on her way home upon the Manfreds, who, like herself, were ignorant of the boat having been found.

"Even now, my dear madam, we have no

proof that the boat is that of the lost party, it may have been washed overboard from the ship in a storm, as it scarcely seems probable they would have run any risks with their only means of escape. They would follow the land ice, and in the event of rough weather, would find safety by drawing the boat on to the floe. The paragraph in the paper proves nothing, and I shall believe no reports, except direct from Uppernavik. Why, my dear madam, I could tell you twenty anecdotes of my messmates being dead, buried, or killed in battle, on certain and credible witness, and yet they have baulked me of my promotion by coming to life again, and with one or two of them, I have since cracked a bottle of Burgundy, and have had many a hearty laugh over my disappointment."

"You are very encouraging, colonel," said Mrs. Petersen, "the affair has, however, an ugly look, but I trust you will prove to be right."

"I confess our fears are not diminished by the account, which tends to the idea of their having perished in the pack ice from inability to gain the shore."

CHAPTER VII.

MULLER'S FIRST JOURNEY.

REAT dangers either strengthen the will or increase the timidity of those exposed to them. The power of viewing with coolness a situation of imminent peril, and grasping at a glance the points of the greatest moment, requires a self-possession rarely to be found in men who, for the first time, have been placed face to face with almost certain death. The mind, like the body, has the faculty of gradual adaptation to its position, by which the various circumstances of existence, even the most trying, are borne without an apparent effort. Thus sailors, from habit, do not hesitate in the most violent storms to ascend the rigging and lie out upon the yards, trusting only to the foot-rope, when their whole strength is required to reef the sails and to preserve their perilous hold. It is their familiarity with danger which imparts the

fearless bearing peculiar to them. The earlier the system is subjected to adventitious habits, the more quickly it becomes accustomed to them, and in practice we find those are the best seamen who entered the service young. Courage is improved by circumstances which call it forth, and by example more than is generally supposed. We see a timid, frightened lad enter active service, and at the end of a few years he has acquired the self-possession and fearlessness of his comrades. He is compelled, by their ridicule and their habits, to use an attribute of his mind never before required, and he returns to his wondering friends vastly improved.

The *Fulmar* was once more lying in the harbour of Uppernavik. The captain and Müller were walking the deck in earnest conversation.

"You parted at the Cary Islands?"

"Yes; the boat left the ship in the morning watch, with Manfred, Petersen, old Davie, and a young hand named Hoven. They were to remain at the extensive loonery, on the southern face of the largest island, for the day's shooting. We watched them pull into

the low shingly point, and noticed that they had some difficulty in forcing their way through loose ice that surrounded it, and the last we saw of them was hauling up the boat. The tide was running rapidly to the south, and an unusual quantity of ice was brought down with it. A gale of wind sprang up from the northward, and the floe pieces were driven between us and the island. We at first thought the party on shore would have seen the alteration. We fired guns to attract their attention, but the wind being from them to us, it was doubtful about the sound reaching them, the more so as we were obliged to stand on and off to keep our position. The weather became overcast and snow fell, so that we lost sight of land. Every minute brought down upon us fresh floe pieces, and one or two heavy icebergs lay across our course. We were unable to obtain soundings, and the gale freshened so much that we dared not trust another boat among the rocking broken pieces, although, in five minutes, we had volunteers enough to have manned all we had on board. We could hear the ice grinding upon the land when we stood in upon our first tack, but

afterwards, the noise around us was too great to distinguish any particular sounds."

"Do you suppose your people in the boat were unaware of the danger?"

"They were, no doubt, engaged in sport, with their boat made fast upon the beach; and as the breeze was blowing on to the north of the island they would have been sheltered from it, and hence ignorant of the effects it was producing; and yet old Davie is always attentive to, and even prophetic of the weather. They may, perhaps, have overruled his judgment."

"How long did the storm last?"

"About the third day there was a change, but no decided improvement until the sixth; by that time we were two hundred miles away from the islands, and completely surrounded by pack ice. I need not tell you of the many attempts we made to force a passage, nor the anxiety felt by all on board for the safety of their shipmates.

"The missing party were great favourites with the ship's company, and I believe every man who could have left the ship's side would have volunteered for their rescue.

"Each day our sending help from the *Fulmar* became more impossible, and, at length, we resolved to communicate with you at all hazards, for which purpose we prepared a boat to traverse the pack as soon as we found ourselves abreast of Uppernavik. When near Cape Dudly Diggs, the strong westerly gales afforded us an opening for escape, and we found we had been entangled in the outer portion only of the mid-ice."

"We must decide promptly upon the best means to be used for their deliverance," said Müller.

"A boat party will be of uncertain use, as the sea is frozen at night and remains so in calm weather. Their lives must certainly depend upon our reaching them within a week or two."

"The sledges afford us a better chance, only the space to be traversed is very great, and the difficulty of passing the five hundred miles of glacier very formidable."

"We may calculate upon their efforts for diminishing the distance. We fell in with the *True Love* on our way here, and from her we learned they had picked up the boat to the

south of Brown's Island, about ten leagues from the shore, the rudder was gone and the bows stove. They had seen a few natives at Cape York, but did not communicate. This we made out from their writing in chalk upon a black board; it was too rough to send a boat, and we failed to answer them in the same way. They do not know the names of our missing people."

"That is fortunate, for until you know their fate their friends had better remain in ignorance of their names; and now, captain, let us go on shore."

They pushed off in the gig, with a few spare hands to assist in their preparations for the search.

Silena came to meet them, and, from her father's anxious face, perceived that some misfortune had transpired. Müller was unwilling to distress her with the account of the accident, but her first question was sufficient to alter his intention.

"O my father! what has happened? you look unusually serious."

"There has been an unavoidable separation between the ship and a boat with two officers

and two men. You shall know more at a future time; but, for the present, assist us in our attempt at rescue by fetching my warmest sledge furs, and any nourishment and cordials that you can pack in a small space. Go, my child, and let Gottfrieda help you. You will find us at the village selecting the best dogs and most expert drivers. The sailors will bring down what you have made ready, the last thing before I start, which will be in a a few hours."

Müller, with Captain Hertz and the men, repaired to the Esquimaux huts and sought out the head man, with whom Müller conversed for some time before he could persuade him into the possibility of starting at midnight. Among the many objections urged was the necessity of taking food for the dogs, so as not to be delayed by procuring it on the way. This was easily overcome by a promise that if the men who had that day taken seals would part with them for the purpose, they should have double their value as a recompence.

Everything was satisfactorily arranged with the Usqui (as the natives are familiarly called), and Captain Hertz offered to remain with the

boat's crew to render any help in his power. Müller returned to the house to take a few hours' sleep, desiring Silena to prevent his being disturbed and to call him an hour before midnight.

While the governor is taking his rest we will examine the work of those engaged in making ready for the journey; first, as of most importance, the sledges and dogs.

The Esquimaux sledge is of very simple construction, yet very effective for their purpose. They prefer wood, as the lightest and best material, but frequently employ bone, and even tightly-rolled and frozen skins. It consists of two parallel runners, of five or six inches in depth, by one and a half thick, and about four feet in length; from these arise, almost at right angles, two upright pieces to form a back, across which and the runners are, fastened by thongs, transverse slips of wood, so as to form a platform whereon to place the furs, and on which the occupants rest.

The harness is made of hide or twisted sinew. Each dog has a broad chest-band, suspended by a slighter portion of hide from the shoulders, and to this the traces are

attached; a girth secures it to the body. They have no reins and are guided by the whip. As many pairs of dogs are driven in line it requires a long lash to reach the leaders, and this being fixed upon a short handle of wood, rarely more than two feet, demands great dexterity in its use.

During the time the sledges were being inspected, and new thongs being substituted for those at all stretched or worn, the women were employed skinning the seals. This duty is assigned to them, and they perform it very adroitly with a semicircular knife set in a bone handle, and are very careful to remove the skin without injuring it with the sharp edge of the instrument. Müller had chosen three of the most expert drivers to accompany him, and the best dogs were selected out of the noisy pack to draw them. He had resolved to occupy one of the sledges with the articles requiring the greatest care, while a second was to carry the food for the teams, and the third a plentiful supply of warm clothing and provisions for the men. The difficulty of journeying at that season of the year cannot be estimated by those unacquainted

with the surface to be traversed. The snow is not sufficiently hard to bear the weight, and in the middle of the day is rendered so binding by the action of the sun as to clog the runners.

The movements of the ice in the summer leave the shores strewn with hummocks, scattered irregularly over the fixed portions of the floe, adding greatly to the labour of the dogs. The freshly frozen surface is not sufficiently strong to be trusted, and is easily broken up by the tides or severe gales.

Müller slept on. His daughter moved noiselessly about the house, collecting many little comforts, such as tins of preserved milk, and chocolate, and a choice parcel of pemmican, which was made from the best part of lean meat, well dried, afterwards grated fine, and mixed with as much melted suet as would cover it, or fill the case in which it was preserved. This had been given to the governor by an officer belonging to one of the exploring ships, sent out after Sir J. Franklin. It was said to contain the greatest amount of nourishment, for its weight, of any known food, and was palatable when warmed, or even eaten

cold. In Denmark Müller had studied the rudiments of medicine, and had acquired the knowledge of a few simple remedies. When travelling he carried with him a small case of drugs; this Silena placed in a stout box, and laid ready for his departure.

Gottfrieda had not been idle; she had made a large packet of reindeer sandwiches, and with them had enclosed ship biscuits, and a bottle of wine in a small basket. The main supply consisted of bags of dried reindeer flesh and biscuits. The warm fur wrappers were carefully shaken and laid in order.

Silena was very curious as to the extent of the anticipated journey, and asked one of the seamen many questions about the missing boat.

The man replied doubtfully, and tried to avoid the subject. Silena knew that the lost officers must be Manfred and Petersen, or they would have been on shore with the captain. Her father's silence also confirmed the suspicion.

The time arrived at which Müller was to have been called, but to Silena's surprise he had risen, and was coming from his room to

inspect the arrangements. He expressed his approval and thanks for her admirable forethought.

"I shall be absent many days, my child; do not, therefore, distress yourself should any delay occur. My return must necessarily be most uncertain. If a fortnight elapse without tidings, send two fresh dog-sledges upon my track; and if you require advice or assistance, seek it from Captain Hertz, who has promised to remain at the manse until I have accomplished my mission. God bless you, my daughter." Müller embraced Silena affectionately, and withdrawing quickly, hastened to the village, followed by the men bearing the load. Silena wished to go with him to the huts, but he begged of her to remain: "For I have many orders to give, and to give clearly, so that I would rather have nothing to engage my attention at the last moment:" then once more embracing her, he turned towards the shore.

Left standing at the door of the manse, Silena watched his upright, firm figure, until a rise in the ground hid him from her sight; then she entered the house, and found Gott-

frieda in tears. Her efforts to comfort the good woman relieved her own sorrow. It is so true, that a good act, however trivial, blesses the actor, either in the delight of his own conscience, or in the gratitude of the person benefitted; hence it is so beautifully written, "It is better to give than to receive."

The sudden departure of the good pastor had allowed his daughter but little time for reflection. As soon, however, as she was left alone, she understood the great risk her father must be exposed to in the search for his friends.

She knew that by character and habit no one could be better qualified to overcome the difficulties certain to be met with; and his long residence in the country had given him experience of its risks, that would be invaluable; and yet she dreaded lest his fearless spirit should carry him too far from help, and then the character of the native drivers would show itself, by their deserting him with the dogs in the hour of need. A thousand possibilities arose to her ardent imagination, and but for Gottfrieda's homely philosophy, would have rendered her miserable.

Müller had taken with him Calleharona,

one of the most expert and resolute men of the tribe. He hesitated before doing so, from the man's bad disposition. In the present instance there was nothing to call forth his evil propensities, but rather to control them, as he would never be out of the governor's sight, and had the promise of a handsome reward if he behaved properly. A prospect of adventure always rendered him obedient for the time; and the hope of meeting with the northern tribes beyond the glacier had a peculiar attraction for him, from the traditions of his own people, who still believe that their kindred in the north are many, and better off than themselves. The sledges were at last put in order, after the fighting and yelping of the dogs had been checked by the free use of the lash and butt end of the whip. These creatures are very unruly at moving off, generally biting and snapping at each other, until their freshness is taken away by their load. Before seating himself Müller said a few words to the assembled natives, charging them to act while he was away as if he were present, and bidding them farewell, he settled himself in his furs, and away the dogs went. The first

portion of their route lay over the long smooth surface of land ice, that had escaped most of the pressure of the moving bergs and floe-pieces; and from the knowledge the drivers had of every part of the coast within a day's journey or so, they made considerable progress. Müller was ndisposed to reply to the remarks of the Esquimaux who occupied the same sledge with himself. He was full of the difficulties to be surmounted, and somewhat saddened at the few apparent chances of success, when he remembered the inexperience of the young men and the late period of the season.

The dogs were very tractable upon the known part of the coast, but at the end of the first day they were constantly making the attempt to return upon their own track. The weather altered in the evening, and a cold wind came off the land.

Müller encamped for rest beneath a high cliff.

The extent of their journey must depend chiefly upon the supply of food; at the same time, it would not be possible for them to waste the precious hours searching for animals

until the meat they had with them was nearly exhausted. The second day their progress was slower, and the natives were less inclined to urge the dogs. The wind was very piercing, and the atmosphere more dense.

The level floe was soon exchanged for heavy, pressed up blocks of ice, and the character of the land was altered, so that in many places it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other. Once they saw a reindeer, but failed to approach unobserved.

The Esquimaux became discontented upon the third day, and expressed a wish to discontinue the travelling; to this Müller replied by a decided negative. He was most anxious that seal, bear, or deer should be met with, for then the natives would forget in the excitement of the chase their longing for home; besides, each day their store diminished. Several days passed with the like bad fortune, and the men and animals were placed upon short allowance, so as to reserve sufficient for retreat. The drivers became more careful of their dogs, never pushing them to their full power, knowing that when exhausted with fatigue and hunger they become very fierce,

even turning upon the men, or attacking and devouring their weaker companions. Müller halted the party, and after their simple meal determined to walk out from the land, with the hope of meeting some animal to replenish their store. He had not proceeded many yards before he caught sight of a dark form upon the ice, about a quarter of a mile off. As he crept forward, sheltering himself behind the hummocks to conceal his advance, a large irregular portion of iceberg lay in his path; he climbed over the first rise, and sprang down from it on to the floe, when, to his amazement, he found himself within half a dozen yards of an enormous bear. The brute was for the moment equally surprised. The sudden meeting would have thrown one less accustomed to their habits off his guard, but ere the animal had time to move, Müller's rifle was at his shoulder, and the next moment, the sharp report and violence with which the bear was struck caused him to rear, then, with a loud half snort, half roar, the creature fell over with some force, and struggled to regain his feet.

The shot was not fatal. The bear, after

several ineffectual attempts, regained his legs, and turned, with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, upon Müller, who during this time had made haste to reload; he was not quite finished when thus threatened. It occurred to him that by moving towards the side of the broken leg, the result of his first shot, and which he did not perceive until the creature had commenced to advance, the bear would become embarrassed, and he should have time to cap the rifle. The thought had hardly arisen, ere it was acted upon; and Bruin, not yet accustomed to his loss, stumbled and fell headlong. While he was recovering his balance, Müller had once more brought the fire breathing tube to bear, and with good effect, for when the smoke cleared away, the dreaded victim lay powerless upon the ice. The second report brought his companions to him, who evinced much satisfaction at the acquisition. Calleharona was the first upon the spot, and advanced to the carcase with caution, avoiding the paws, as he examined the position of the wound.

Müller understood the wisdom of his precautions, for an animal of so much muscular

power will, occasionally, in his death, strike a very severe, though unguided blow; and if, perchance, an unlucky curiosity has led any one within the swing of so formidable a limb, he will have sad cause to remember it ever after.

The capture proved to be a full grown male, very fat, and of immense girth, measuring nine feet one inch from the point of the nose to the tip of the tail, a fact ascertained by the governor, whose rifle barrel was converted into a measure by the simple means of scratches at the various intervals upon its surface. The natives were now in better humour, and the proposal to continue the search was no longer objected to by them. They at once set to work to strip off the skin, and divide the huge bulk into portable pieces. The skin and flesh was placed upon one of the sledges, while the dogs were allowed to feast upon the offal that remained.

The party then encamped for the night, the animals settling themselves to rest with unusual quietness. The heavy meal overnight rendered them sluggish at starting in the morning; but after a short time their

SEAL-HUNTING.

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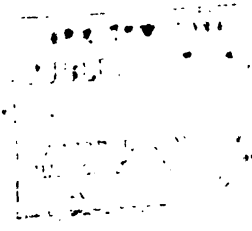

pace increased to about five miles an hour. This speed could not be maintained day after day, without making the dogs footsore. When quite fresh, they may be driven ten miles within the hour, with a moderately laden sledge; but if every necessary has to be carried, it cannot be done so quickly.

Calleharona discovered some seals upon the ice, and as the natives prefer their flesh to bears, Müller gave him permission to spear one, for which purpose a short halt was made. The adroitness he displayed in doing so, proved him to have a deservedly high character as a hunter. He carried his spear with him, and approached as near as he could by means of the cover the irregular blocks of ice afforded; then, concealment being no longer possible, he stretched himself out full length upon the white surface, pulling his seal skin hood over his head, and lay motionless for some minutes. The nearest seal raised his head, and turned it towards him, as if in the act of scrutinizing the man; after a time he appeared satisfied with his inspection, and resumed his former attitude. Presently Calleharona imitated the animal's action, and then returned to his first

position. This was followed by another motionless pause, the seal again surveying the man more carefully, and for a greater length of time. The hunter next wriggled his body forward for a few yards, and raised his head. These manœuvres were repeated until the curiosity of the seal drew him from his hole, towards what could not now be distinguished from the real animal. As soon as he was drawn sufficiently far from his hole to preclude retreat, the man suddenly sprang to his feet, and running quickly forward, plunged his spear into the creature's side, until it rolled over lifeless.

The perfect mimicry necessary to success, can only be acquired under the stern necessity of want, and the early teaching of the parents. This simple, yet certain method, renders them secure of food for the summer months, and this is further insured by their handing down the haunts of beasts and birds to their children.

This time, the men rejoiced more than the dogs, and they made a hearty meal, by cutting strips of blubber from the animal and filling their mouths therewith, until they would hold

no more; then with a stroke of their knife, they separated the external portion, and bolted the half masticated morsel.

They had now arrived at the commencement of the vast glacier which divides North from South Greenland, and the whole surface before them was covered with the huge masses which had broken from it, and were gradually being pushed seaward by the later formations. Above them stretched the exhaustless reservoir of frozen vapour, the laboratory from which are forced into existence the largest icebergs, by the power of gravity; and the effects of heat, radiated from the surface upon which it rests. The confusion of form, and outline of the icebergs, produced a complete maze, to avoid which Müller struck out to sea; by so doing he was able to push straight across to the shore beyond, the impediments being fewer away from land.

The dogs now showed signs of lameness, and the men drove carelessly, and were evidently tired of the work. The next day, when Müller gave orders for the start, the drivers hung back and would not obey, each

one making a paltry excuse. The governor at first remonstrated, but received no answer. He repeated the order. One of the men turned round, and firmly refused to proceed any further; then the others joined him, and declared they would return to their families. They remained alike inflexible to promises and threats. Although very angry, he knew enough of the dogged obstinacy of the race to threaten them very much, without going to extremes. He could not go on by himself; so, after another ineffectual attempt to persuade them to continue, he was obliged to yield to their wishes.

Müller deposited in a conspicuous spot his tin of pemmican and biscuit, before retreating; and placed one of the spears erect, above a heap of stones, with a note explaining the position of the food, and of his attempt at rescue, with his intention of making another effort as soon as he could.

Müller also placed a supply of powder and shot in a warm fur robe under the cairn. Although it was doubtful if the bears would leave the food untouched, yet it was worth the trial.

This done, he turned back feeling great disappointment.

Only those who have been similarly circumstanced can tell the mingled feelings of regret, anger, and helplessness that add to the misery of a noble mind baffled by the selfishness of its supports. The high moral, and still more the Christian character of Müller, prevented him from using more compulsory means to accomplish his purpose. Had he insisted, he must have been prepared to sacrifice life, with the doubtful prospect of saving it.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE superstitions of the savage, or uncivilised nations of the world, seem to be excited by the stimulus given to their imagination by the sublime scenery, and the stupendous forces acting around them, which are inexplicable to the simple thinker of the wilds, except as the direct action of hidden beings.

We who admit second causes, and are taught from our earliest years to inquire into the great agencies of the world, lose much of the wonder and awe, while we equally admire the glorious works of our Creator.

There are, however, a few of their traditions, which appear to have been handed down to them from the same source as the story of Mango Capac amongst the Peruvians—the overflow of the great waters, to the Indians of Central America; the worship of Al, the

great spirit, by the Vancouver islanders; and although these are mingled with many absurd rites to propitiate the demons, yet they appear to have some connection with revelation. Religious feeling is universally implanted in mankind.

We find throughout the various races of the earth, the same clinging to a higher power for help in trouble; and it is only in the inflated pride of some so called cultivated intellect, that the attempt is made to ignore the existence of this grand reverential belief.

Go into the world, mingle with man, civilised and uncivilised, and in spite of prejudice, you must arrive at the conclusion, that the Almighty presence of God overshadows all life.

We cannot but admit the simple beauty, and often poetry of the thoughts embodied in the superstitions of savage nations; and when heard from the people themselves, amid the scenes which gave rise to them, the effect upon us is far too great to be understood from any description.

Captain Hertz remained at the manse during the absence of his friend, and accom-

panied by Silena, made daily excursions in the neighbourhood. He delighted in her society, chiefly from its reminding him of home, and of his own daughter, who was of the same age as the fair and thoughtful girl at his side.

The captain was considerably past the middle age, and had seen much service in many parts of the world. He was a man of some acquirements, and of great observation; full of anecdote, as most travellers are. He responded kindly to her varied and numerous questions; and from the habit of instructing his own children when at home, took especial pleasure in placing before her, in the plainest manner, the most useful and important details. His peculiar talent, however, lay in the study of character, to which he was led by the necessity of his position as commander of a man-of-war.

In one of their rambles they passed through the village, followed by an Esquimaux woman, and came near to the spot generally chosen for native graves. Upon a small pile of stones, which marked the resting-place of one of the tribe, a spear and other weapons of

the chase were laid. Captain Hertz, prompted by curiosity, walked up to the cairn, and was in the act of picking up the spear, when the old woman rushed towards him with a cry of horror, and rudely pushed him back, uttering lamentations and execrations.

"Pray, Captain," said Silena, "do not lay a finger upon those articles, they are sacred things with these people. When I have pacified this woman, you shall hear from her own mouth, and I will translate, her belief in this matter."

A few kind words explaining the mistake, and the promise of a gift, were sufficient to appease her; and Silena led her to talk upon the subject.

The Esquimaux said, "Here my son rests, but not for ever; and hereafter he will require his weapons, to secure seal in the eternal hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit. If he," pointing to the captain, "had taken away his spear, my son would have suffered everlasting hunger." Raising her eyes to heaven, she continued, "In the night of winter, I can show you where the Great Spirit has taken my father and mother."

They believe there is a star assigned to each of their relatives, after all trace of their earthly existence has passed away. When the weapons decay, and the cairn is thrown down, the Great Spirit has fetched them away, and placed them in their own star.

"The fancy is a pleasant one," said Hertz; "and I will never again be the reputed cause of starving their departed relatives, or of thus rendering the living unhappy."

"Do you believe in charms? Have you any of the sailor's credulity about you?"

"No; not even to the unluckiness of sailing on a Friday."

"Look at this!" and Silena disengaged from her dress a small seal or walrus skin bag, suspended by a narrow strip of deer hide. "Do you know what it is?"

"No; I cannot say I have anything more than a supposition."

"It is an anvoi, or native charm, warranted to protect me against accident, disease, or evil spirits—in fact, against all 'the ills that flesh is heir to.'"

"What does it contain that hath so marvellous a virtue?"

"A small, black, charred mass, prepared by the angerkok, or medicine man, with much mystery, and greatly prized by his followers. The woman who is with us hung it around my neck when I was a little girl, with various mutterings and invocations on my behalf."

"The faith," said the captain, "these people have in their charms frequently proves a safeguard to them in peril by imparting confidence; so that I would not destroy their present belief unless I could replace it with that of the Christian. The most primitive theology is a paradise compared to the realms of doubt."

"Yes; even the creed of our friends here, which teaches them that in heaven it is always summer and perpetual verdure," said Silena. "Your father must have experienced great difficulty in rendering the mysterious doctrine of the trinity intelligible to their untutored minds."

"He has endeavoured to teach them more of the practical, every-day power of the gospel by his example, rather than bewilder them by the more abstruse doctrines."

"But look! what is that in the distance, near to the headland? Oh, can it be my

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father? It is certainly a sledge moving in this direction, Do you not see it?"

"Yes; I will run back to the house and fetch my glass. You have a very quick sight to detect so small an object so far off."

Hertz soon returned with his favourite telescope. It was old and weather-worn to look at, but, as he pleasantly observed, always new to look through.

Silena tried to use it, but could not steady it without support; and in her impatience handed it back to its more practised owner.

"You are right; it is a sledge with one man upon it, travellingly slowly."

As it came nearer, they could see the driver constantly using the whip, to keep the tired dogs from stopping.

"Is it not the daily look-out sledge, which your father ordered to be sent until his return?"

"I think not; if Gottfrieda's statement was correct, it had returned some time ago. Besides, the man generally has a companion on his homeward drive, and also in going, as far as the loonery."

"Probably one of the natives sent back for more help."

"There is another in sight, coming round the point close in to the cliff. Do examine it with the glass, Captain Hertz."

"You are correct. There is also a third in the distance, more amongst the broken ice."

"Yes; I see it—a dark speck upon the white surface."

The captain continued his scrutiny for some moments, before he could make out the contents of the sledges. At last he exclaimed with disappointment—

"Not one of my fellows with them! Poor lads! they deserved a better fate!"

"Do you give up all hope, captain?"

"I see none, for they are without supplies."

"My dear father is safe, and with your leave I will go and bid Gottfrieda make ready for him, and then we will return to the village and welcome him home. He may have tidings, if nothing else." So saying, she hurried away to the house.

"Gottfrieda! your master is in sight!—quick! And let us prepare some refreshment for him—a cup of your best tea, a few eggs, and cold meat. He has not had a comfortable meal for a week!"

Immediately the servant heard the good tidings of her master's return, she bustled about to put everything in order. The cloth was laid, the water boiled, the large easy chair placed near the table, and the loose lounging coat and warm slippers placed ready for use.

Silena then joined Captain Hertz, and walked towards the sledges.

The first sledge they met was Calleharona's, the next Müller's, and the last did not come up for some time afterwards.

"The greeting and welcome home was hardly finished, before questions were asked by all present.

Müller's first words were, "Have you any news of the lost?"

To their reply in the negative, he rejoined, "Nor have I had a chance to bring back any with me."

The excitement of the excursion had increased the colour in the frank face of the good pastor. He looked remarkably well. He did not seem fatigued as he stepped off the sledge, but desiring the men to follow with his things, he took the arms of his daughter and friend, and walked briskly towards the house."

"You are surprised at my speedy return, but cannot be more vexed or grieved about it than I am. We made great progress during the first days, and were fortunate in procuring a seal, when our supplies for the dogs were failing. The natives soon grew discontented, and when we reached the rough floe opposite the glacier, they would proceed no further, in spite of my persuasion and threats; and so my hopes were dashed away at the most promising moment."

"My dear friend, you have done all man could do under the circumstances. Let us quietly reconsider the matter, and devise another plan. What do you think of a party from the ship dragging out a considerable depôt, while the dog-sledges push on in advance? By that means you would be enabled to proceed to a greater distance."

"A good suggestion. It is not so much my fruitless endeavours that distresses me, as the lost time."

"In what state did you find the young ice?"

"It was much too thin to travel over, and easily broken up by the tide and wind. Nothing

can be done upon it for some weeks. How are those poor fellows to hold out with their scanty means?"

"If it is to be done, Manfred and Karl can do it; of that I am sure."

They entered the house. The governor greeted Gottfrieda with a kindly smile, and placed himself at table.

"Excuse my impatience in seating myself, as I am, travel-stained; but I have had a long fast to-day, and shall be better able to think and talk after some refreshment."

With exquisite relish he drank the first cup of strong tea, and then turned to Hertz.

"There is nothing so reviving after privation or hard work as a cup of nicely-made tea. I have tried stimulants, but they are not half so effectual. It seems to act as an admirable preparative to the more solid part of a meal. The pleasure one receives from returning to one's usual comforts, almost repays a man for their temporary loss."

"Most true. Let me recommend the deer-flesh; it is excellent, and as you have the salt of hunger, it must prove delicious."

CHAPTER IX.

THE CLOSING OF THE ICE.

THE feeling of loneliness, and desolation, may be excited in the mind, by an absence of life, and by the silence and immensity of an unknown country; as the terrible solitudes of the great deserts, has filled the page of many an awe-stricken traveller. The pathless heights of mountain chains amidst realms of perpetual snow, the ponderous calm of the mighty Pacific Ocean, the melancholy swamps, and fever-laden marshes, impress deeply; but beyond all these is the effect produced by the interminable floe of ice, during the long months of our arctic night. There is in every other position some trace of existence or of action, but in this the motion of the wave lies dead—no bird wings its broad shadow over you—no roving Arab throws up his cloud of dust—no bittern booms his note upon the ear—death spreads its white pall alike over the vegetable

and animal world, and wraps in the same eye-wearying robe, the warm colouring of rock and land. Exhausted sight fails, and the ear wearies in listening, and silent footsteps struggle on in hopeless weakness.

Woe to the faint heart! Woe to the failing strength! No help! No rescue but man's might within him! No dashing bravery, no brilliant feats of arms avail, but the undaunted courage, and undying will, of the noble and the true.

"Manfred! the wind has chopped round to the north, and it looks very heavy away on the horizon, we had better give up the sport and get on board as soon as possible. Old Davie says we have stayed too long, and if we could see through the island, we should drop the birds and pull off for our lives."

"Ay, ay, sir, you're over venturesome, and it is easier to talk of going on board in a gale of wind, than in the closing up of the ice. Recollect the trouble we had in working the boat through the floe pieces to reach this loonery; and I'm no sailor if we get out as easily."

"What, croaking again, Davie? I shall call

you the *corvus corak*, you old arctic raven. You are right this time, I believe."

"Raven, or no raven, Mr. Manfred, we'll have a black time of it if the wind lasts. The weather grows thicker every minute, and I do not like that grinding noise of the ice upon the beach."

"Now, Hoven, carry these birds into the boat, and then fetch the guns, look alive, man! Come, Petersen, we must lend a hand to get her afloat again."

"The ice is closing very fast."

"We cannot see the ship until we clear the point of the other island. What was that? I fancied I heard a gun."

"If so, it was a long distance off."

"The wind carries away the sound. It was most likely a signal to us."

They pushed the boat into open water, and pulled for the point. The breeze freshened and the ice came in upon them. After trying to find a lead, they made fast to a large iceberg; and one of the party ascended in order to find a way of escape. Upon his descent they were told that no water was to be seen.

"We had better return to the island," said

Davie; "for even if we force the boat through the loose floe, and then drag her over it, we shall never reach the *Fulmar*."

Manfred now ascended the iceberg, and saw the impossibility of making further advance, as the land was becoming obscure from the fog; and the whole surface was in violent commotion, the pressure in front of them was so enormous, that pieces of ice were piled up to a height of forty feet in a few seconds.

Davie advised them to draw the boot on to a smooth portion of floe, as far away from its edges, as possible.

"For you see, gentlemen, there is no safety near the nips; and if our boat is overrun, we are beaten."

"Come then, with a will, push her along," said Karl, together lads, well done, she will do now. We shall be safe here, until we have a chance of regaining the shore; and as soon as the surface is driven close together, we must make the attempt."

"How thick it becomes! we cannot see the highest bluff. Is there a compass in the boat, Davie?"

"No, sir; but Hoven carries a very good one."

They could feel the movement of the accumulation around them ; and knew that the wind would pack the ice more closely. The vibration of the platform upon which they were, was very unpleasant, not from its amount, but from the feeling of uncertainty.

" We must now look to our means of making the best of circumstances. Have we any provisions left ? Here, Davie, open this knapsack, and turn out its contents."

" What is there remaining ? "

" A parcel of biscuit, and a tin of preserved meat."

" There is a piece of salt pork in the boat, sir," said Hoven.

" If we are here to-morrow, we shall want all we can muster."

" What are we to do for water, Davie ? "

" We might melt some snow, if we had any fuel, for the boat stove is always left in this cutter, sir, and we can strike a light with the gun, by placing a piece of paper, smeared with damp powder, close to the percussion cap."

" One of the bottles of wine remains untouched, in the stern sheets."

" We had better reserve that, Walter."

"How fortunate we have secured so large a quantity of birds if the worst comes to the worst, they will support life for some time."

"How are we to make the ship, Mr. Petersen?" asked Hoven.

"If we are surrounded, she must be beset, or else driven quite out of our reach," replied Karl.

"I think we had better wait until we know such to be the case. Do not run after misfortune, but rather avoid it as long as possible even in thought," said Walter.

Matters grew worse instead of better, the fog was now so dense, they could not see many yards around them; they resolved to pass the time in preparing for all contingencies. The fog froze into sharp particles, and this driven by the wind into their faces, was very painful. Davie called it the barber. The stove was brought out upon the floe, and one of the bottom boards was broken up for fuel, of which they determined to be very sparing. Hoven and Davie spread the boats sail over her, and secured it so as to form a shelter against the storm. They were tired with the work of the day; and agreed that one should keep watch,

while the others lay down to rest; a fresh man relieving the guard every four hours. The guns were loaded with ball, and placed ready as a precaution; Davie having prophesied, that the bears would most likely visit them; as they cannot hunt by sight in the thick weather, they follow their prey by scent. After a scanty repast, they lay down in the boat beneath the sail, and were soon asleep. In the morning watch they were rudely disturbed by the fall of the sail upon them; and the report of a gun. It was Petersen's watch, and on gaining their feet, he was not to be seen. Manfred ran round the boat, gun in hand, and beheld him a few paces off, perched upon a hummock, about six feet from the level of the floe, trying to beat a bear back with the stock of his fowling-piece. The blood upon the snow showed that the report they had heard was not in vain, although the creature had sufficient strength to leap up after Karl, if he failed to strike him at each attempt.

Manfred took aim, and drew the trigger. The cap missed fire. Petersen's position was most critical, but he was quite cool, and aimed each blow sideways, so as to throw the bear from his balance. The animal at last managed

to place his forepaws on to the hummock, when Manfred again raised his weapon. Karl tried in vain to beat back his assailant. The next moment Walter had sent a ball through the bear's neck, and paralysed the powerful limbs for ever.

"Thanks, Walter," exclaimed Petersen, as he jumped lightly from his frozen pedestal, and gave his friend a hearty shake of the hand; "it was close work with that formidable array of teeth so near to my legs. I cannot tell how I failed to turn him over with my first shot. He came upon me so stealthily, that but for the intervening boat I should have been in his clutches before I could have raised my arm to defend myself. The first notice I had of a visitor was a movement of the sail, and then a loud sniffing; upon turning round the bear prepared to spring over to me, but the report and force with which the ball struck him—for I fired immediately—made him think better of it. As I had no second barrel I made for the nearest raised spot, and he followed, with a very nasty look about his jaws; and there you found us. It all happened so quickly that I hardly know how it was."

"Mr. Petersen, said Davie, "you could not have done a better thing than fix that brute; his fat will supply us with fuel. Can you see the land away to the right of us, Hoven?"

"Not I, Davie, nothing but fog."

Time ran on, and there was no improvement in the weather. They were very desirous to return to the island, as the people from the ship would send to it if by any means they could do so. There was better shelter, which would enable them to be less anxious about the boat, besides, water could be obtained in the middle of the day, and plenty of scurvy grass from beneath the loonery.

Davie and Hoven commenced stripping the bear, and then cut the fat from the flesh, to be stored in the skin for future use. The little band lay down again for a few hours, Manfred taking the remainder of Petersen's watch.

The gale was at its height, and roared through the icebergs, compressing them closer; loud cracks and heavy crunching sounds were heard on all sides, and here and there he could see indistinctly the upheaving of the broken floe pieces. The atmosphere began to

clear, and he discovered to his great satisfaction the dark face of the Cary group further away from them than he expected. The ice upon which they were had been carried round to the eastern point of the shore, and was firmly wedged between two large icebergs.

Manfred now set to work to prepare some breakfast, and as soon as he had procured water he went to the boat and awoke his companions. "Now, lads, up and be doing; the weather is brighter, and we must make for the shore."

"No light work, sir, to drag the cutter over half a mile of piled up ice; but it must be done, she is not safe where she is."

"What say you, Petersen, to a slice of grilled pork, and a thimblefull of hot wine and water?"

"With all my heart; it will do in place of anything better."

"If the ship had been to leeward of us she must have heard our shots this morning, but I expect she had to beat on and off to keep her position."

"No beating off, Mr. Manfred. The ice was too plentiful for tacking, and now the

wind has gone round a point or two, she will have stiff work to fetch the Carys again, even if they are free."

"What! art thou there, old raven? Wait until we have taken a look-out from the highest point of the cliff, and then croak as much as you please."

The pork was hissing and snapping in the pan of the stove, under which Davie had kindled a bright flame with bear's fat and wood. In a few minutes they were appeasing their keen appetites. While thus employed, a pair of the Arctic ravens came soaring along, attracted, no doubt, by the carcase of the bear.

"Those are the birds Davie learnt to croak from," said Petersen, as the metallic voice rang sharp and clear above their heads, causing them to turn their eyes upwards.

"The *corvus corak* remains here very late in the year and comes early, so Müller said. I always look upon them, sir, as signs of misfortune and death."

"You are right about their being a sign of death, Davie, as they live upon carcases; but like many other prophets, they are a day too late, as our mischance happened many hours

before they favoured us with a visit. Our allowance for this meal is at an end; the sooner we make a start the better. Put the stove in the boat, Hoven; and Davie, you stow the sail, and we will collect the stray articles."

The bear's fat in a portion of the hide was left on the ice, to be fetched after they had secured the boat on land. They put their whole strength to her, and away she went until they came to the first nip; here the obstacle was so great, they were obliged to pause for breath.

Manfred mounted the highest part of the hummocks to track out the best course. The prospect was very discouraging; no smooth lane of floe could be seen; the surface was of an irregular, crushed up nature, in many places almost impracticable. The worst part of the way was before them, where the heavy masses had overrun one another in the shallow water to the height of thirty feet. Before proceeding, they emptied the boat of everything moveable, and carried whatever could be removed to the island. This took them the entire day to accomplish. By that time the

breeze had almost died away, and the sky was once more quite clear.

Petersen and Manfred climbed the rocks, and when upon their summit could see in every direction thickly packed ice stretching away to the horizon. No vessel could have withstood the violent pressure, nor was their ship visible in the extreme distance. They descended to the men with a feeling of disappointment, and were greeted with, "I hope, gentlemen, you will not laugh at old Davie again while in the ice. It is too true, she is nowhere to be seen."

"Ah, and I reckon is so involved in the pack by this time that she must be carried further away from us every day."

"If a party had been sent for us it would drift down as fast as it advanced, so there is no help for it but to help ourselves."

"What do you propose, Davie? How did you act when the whale-ship to which you belonged was destroyed in a nip?"

"We waited until a change of wind opened the pack, and then took to the only boat saved, pulling away for our lives, before the freshly forming ice should seal us up; and

that is what we must do under present circumstances; there is no other way of saving ourselves."

"It would be as well if we collected as much scurvy grass as we can, it will eat very well with the loon when our biscuit is finished."

They took their guns with them, and went to the loonery, leaving Hoven in charge of the gear. They had quite enough birds with them already in the boat, and therefore refrained from using any more powder. Petersen was much taken with the large lichens which adhered to the rocks of gneiss, and which he had read of under the name of *tripe de roche*,—not badly named either, with the exception that the lichen is almost black, while tripe is almost white. In wandering over the island they came to a heap of stones piled upon its highest point, with an erect piece of wood securely fixed therein, and having the following letters, I—IM—RD, with the date 1827, on one side, and on the other, TM—DK nearly obliterated. The wood appeared to have been a piece of ship's berthing, five feet long and five inches broad.

They also met with drift wood upon the shores, very much worn by the ice and bleached by time. A fox trap, formed of broad flat stones, as made by the natives, was found quite perfect, and the traces of old Esquimaux dwellings. On their return to the boat, after a thorough search of the island, which was only two miles in circumference, they again made a slight meal, during which the conversation turned upon the probability of their departure. It was agreed that the chief object was to gain the mainland, as soon as they could meet with open water, and then strike southward, passing outside of the glacier and the icebergs detached therefrom. They would have no difficulty for some weeks to come in finding birds upon the outlying islands. Once in South Greenland, they could easily reach Uppernavik in the boat, or by good fortune they might fall in with the *Fulmar*. It was certain that they must pass another night where they were, and perhaps several. They contrived to render their situation endurable by the aid of their sail, and the wood and stones lying about the rocks.

"What could have induced any race of

men, Petersen, to settle in these dismal regions?"

"It is generally considered that compulsion was the reason. If we follow the remains of their encampments, from Greenland back along the shores of the Parry group, we find they most probably came from the west, and were driven from the fertile portions of North America by the Red Indians, and as the only safety from their enemies, migrated to these lands."

"They are not like the Red Indians in features."

"No; they resemble the Kalmuck, or Tartar population, and very likely crossed over from Asia before they were driven here by the Indians. They are quite distinct in their habits from any North American people."

CHAPTER X.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

IN the hours of danger the hearts of men are revealed; and the brave know the brave, as brother recognises brother. Men with whom we have associated for years, evince hidden qualities in such positions, which would otherwise have gone to the grave with them unknown, buried during their life beneath the commonplaces of mere acquaintance. We are frequently astonished at the accounts of heroism performed by those who have sat by our side, as the companions of an hour, and who have been unheeded by us, amidst the more showy crowd of brilliant conversationalists. Friends are few indeed, and only known, by the touch-stone of adversity. We may pass through life flattered and admired, overpowered with compliments, and yet in our hearts know no real friend. It is in seasons of peril, when life depends upon

life, when the broken faith destroys, when one moment of selfishness is a comrade's death, that the enduring bond of friendship is formed, that holds more firmly, than the fairest promises made in the hour of prosperity. Hence we more frequently find the genuine feeling amongst men who are exposed to the buffetings of a sailor's or soldier's occupation than in any others.

The prisoners on the Cary islands failed to make their escape for many days, during which time they were rendered most uncomfortable by the want of biscuit or bread. Animal food abounded, but to the European palate it is nauseous when eaten alone; and after a time proves too heating to the body. Water at last appeared in the distant parts of the floe, looking like the web of a spider, or cracks in a starred glass; gradually these lines became wider, and at length opened out into broad lanes of sea extending to the shore.

Manfred and Petersen were watching the change from the highest point in the island; but, although the weather was unusually clear, they could not see any signs of the ship.

After deciding upon which lane or lead to take, they returned to the boat.

"We had better make a start, Mr. Manfred."

"Hoven and I have made everything ready, sir."

Davie generally gave his opinion authoritatively, and frequently before it was sought. No notice, however, was taken, as the man's intention was good and his experience considerable.

They were not long in launching the cutter and setting sail, laughing and joking over their hard fate, with the lightheartedness of youthful sailors.

Davie took the tiller ropes and steered for the mainland.

"It will not do to make any southing, sir, for the current runs more in that direction, than the reverse, and the sooner we reach the fixed ice the better."

"Take your own way, you know most about these seas."

Towards evening they discovered the loom of the land. The temperature fell, and young ice formed, but not sufficiently thick to retard their progress.

Petersen proposed some refreshment, and that water should be melted from the snow. To economise fuel they determined to roast sufficient for two days' consumption.

Their voyage had hitherto been uninteresting from the absence of animal life, not even a seal had been observed. The next twelve hours brought them in sight of Greenland. A beautiful gull flew by, which Petersen said was the Ivory gull (*Laurus eterneus*); as it passed between them and the light, it had the appearance of the finest ivory; but with the sun upon it, was as white as snow.

The navigation went on famously each hour, giving them new encouragement.

They were in good health and spirits, with the exception of Karl, who complained of great weariness after their first encampment.

Manfred would not allow him to keep any night watch, to which Petersen replied,—"As no exertion is required, I can take my turn with you while we continue to glide along so easily."

"My dear Karl, do not deceive yourself. We have many hardships to undergo, which will require your whole strength; therefore,

for your comrade's sake, do not refuse to take that rest, which will alone keep you up to the mark. Think how much we should be hindered, if any one of us became too weak to assist himself."

"It will be hard work, if we have to carry you, Mr. Petersen."

"I hope it will not come to that, Davie, but that you may not have occasion to reproach me, I will yield to your advice."

They now drew near to the grand central glacier of Greenland, whose five hundred miles of perpetual snow have never yet been traversed by human beings.

It is, however, asserted that the reindeer have passed over the barrier, and it is certain they have taken to it, disappearing in the distance, and although closely watched have not been seen to return.

Here the largest icebergs found in Baffin's Bay are formed. The force with which they separate is in proportion to their weight, carrying them long distances from their original position; if a field of ice is in the way, they rip and plough it up for many hundred yards. When about a mile from the shore the voyagers

witnessed the act of separation of a large fragment, which, sliding down beyond the support of the land, and being undermined by the action of the waves, gradually parted as the tide rose, and with a heavy lunge and roll slipped into the sea, oscillating for some time before its equilibrium was restored.

The sudden displacement created a great swell extending an incredible distance, and causing them, with the habit of sailors, to put the boat's bows to the rollers. The noise of the launch of so vast a bulk resembled thunder, causing some of the icebergs in the vicinity to split from the vibration thus produced.

As the sun neared the horizon, the sight before them was magnificent. The ocean, and the numerous icebergs, were swallowed up in the deep orange rays, and the dark rocks which in many places supported, and showed out from beneath the glacier, threw back a rich purple light upon the beholder; while above, the delicately tinted snow stretched far away, blending imperceptibly with the cloudless sky. The upper face of the glacier was in some places rippled, and in others it had wave-like undulations.

"Fairy land of our early days, Walter! The magic lamp of Aladin, could not raise palaces more varied or more beautiful."

"Yes, the mirage rises from the south-west and plays with the scene. Ah, would that we could behold the inverted image of the dear old *Fulmar*! What say you, Davie?"

"It means another breeze, and the closing in of the ice before twenty-four hours have passed. We had better out oars, and pull clear of Mr. Petersen's palaces; they are uncommon pretty, when one is safe; but I never admire them, with nothing but a boat to trust to. If we can reach yon island we may be safe for a few days, until the next gale is over."

The wind had quite died away, and they were compelled to take to the oars, and put forth their full strength, and even then many hours elapsed ere they reached a position of safety. The cutter was hauled up high and dry, the stove taken out, a meal made ready, and each man's share distributed; to which they all did justice but Petersen. The last spirt had very much exhausted his energy, but he uttered no complaint, and tried to eat, but was soon obliged to desist.

"Why, Karl, have you lost your appetite?"

"Yes, I cannot relish the fare."

"I prescribe a little wine, and try again."

"No, we had better reserve that for contingencies."

"You shall take a pull at my flask, and when that fails I will borrow yours. No refusal!"

"Here, toss it off, my boy," said Manfred, handing him the cover of the flask full of wine.

The wine revived Karl, he ate a few mouthfuls; and then coiled himself up under the sail, and fell fast asleep.

"This will try Mr. Petersen, sir; we must spare him all we can."

"Yes, Davie, his body gives out before his will. Remain here with the boat. I and Hoven will take the guns, and search the island for fresh supplies."

Moving inland their attention was attracted by the sharp cry of the tern (*Sterna Arctica*) by some called the sea swallow, from their shape and way of flying. They are nearly white, with coral red beaks and legs. In the spring they frequent the small solitary islands

in Baffin's Bay; for the purpose of hatching their eggs and rearing their young. It is a curious sight, to land at that season upon one of their resorts; as the intruder approaches thousands of birds rise swiftly into the air, with a shrill-screeching cry of fear, and for a few moments fly around his head, darting towards him in such numbers, that he is quite bewildered; if he remains quiet, they gradually become more reconciled, and each bird hovers for a while over the mud hollow that forms the nest, and then descends with erect and quivering pinions to the ground. Their flesh is not palatable, but their eggs are better than those of any other Arctic bird, being very delicate in flavour and light of digestion.

Passing over a rocky ridge, the explorers came to a sheltered nook, with some vegetation scattered in patches about it. Upon one of these, Manfred detected a brace of ptarmigan (*Ptetrao lagopus*), which he walked up to before they arose, and shot them without any trouble.

"They will make a nice breakfast for Mr. Petersen, sir; he may be able to eat a little of their flesh, it is so sweet and tender."

"Yes, Hoven, we are very fortunate in obtaining so nice a change of food, and as we can eat the loon, these must be kept for him."

"There goes a sooty fox, sir; we have spoilt his supper, most likely he was after the ptarmigan."

"How came he to stray from the mainland?"

"The ice must have broken up before he was aware of it, and then—like ourselves—he was caught by the sudden change."

The old and young loons, dovekies, and rotchies, were seen in small flocks, preparing for their journey to warmer regions. The narwhales were on the move in the same direction, and occasionally the white glistening tusk of the male was seen above the water. It is a distinguishing mark of sex, as much as the antlers in the deer, and is a prolongation of the tooth, in a similar way as the tusk of the elephant or walrus. From the crest of the hill they could perceive open sea close in to the mainland, for many miles. Manfred therefore resolved to start again after a few hours' rest.

Returning to their comrades, they followed their example, and were soon sleeping soundly. Davie was the first to awake, and before disturbing the others, he prepared their breakfast; and on discovering the ptarmigan, made an especial dish for Mr. Petersen, who was a great favourite with him.

Petersen had rallied a little from his repose, and was enabled to do justice to Davie's cookery, the new food provoking his appetite. They were soon on their journey again, and in better spirits than on the previous day. The breeze from the south sprung up about noon; nevertheless, they held their course, rowing with all their strength to get through a narrow strip of water which connected the open spaces on either side of a lofty headland. This they failed to accomplish, the point of the floe closing before they could pass.

"Nothing for it, Davie, but to drag the boat over to the other side." This was the task of an hour, for Petersen was not of much use, his muscular force being sadly diminished by his loss of appetite. In shore the sea was calm, and they made good speed until the

wind increased and drove in the drift ice, so impeding their advance, that they were constantly obliged to unship the oars and push the boat along with them. The land consisted of tall cliffs, from which sloped outwards a shingly beach. They could proceed no further, as many icebergs and floe pieces were grounded, so they resolved to land inside one of the former that jutted out beyond the rest. Leaving the cutter in charge of Hoven, they crossed the berg at its lowest part to find a suitable spot to beach her, taking with them the arms, ammunition, and provisions. They were returning for the stove and sail, and had arrived at the middle of a sloping and overhanging shelf round which they had to pass, when a loud crack startled and almost shook them from their footing.

"Run, run!" cried Davie, "it is splitting; run for your lives!" He turned and made for the shore.

The warning came too late. In an instant a large fragment separated and fell outwards with terrific force, throwing them into the sea. A sharp cry of horror was distinctly heard, and the whole scene was hidden by the

foam and spray, dashed up to a great height by the enormous weight and bulk of the detached mass.

Rising to the surface, Manfred quickly recovered his presence of mind, and casting a hasty glance around, could not see Petersen. Davie was in the water, striking out wildly for the shore. Catching sight of a dark body in the glistening foam, Walter without delay swam towards it, and after some exertion succeeded in dragging Karl to land.

Davie proceeded to assist Manfred in lifting the senseless form of Karl on to the level portion of the shingle; first unfastening his clothes and freeing his chest, they next raised his arms above his head, elevated his shoulders, and rubbed his breast, pressing gently upon the ribs, so as to imitate the action of respiration. A slight gasp and shudder soon followed their efforts, and then a short breath was as it were snatched at intervals, and the inspirations became by degrees more natural.

"Look to the boat, Davie, while I remain here. Where is Hoven? Can you see him?"

"No sir, I cannot. The cutter was under the block of ice, and that was so large nothing in its way could escape destruction."

"Look again, man. I hope we have not lost the boat."

Walter was kneeling beside his reviving comrade, who in vain struggled to articulate, pointing to his lips. His want was understood, and a little wine instantly given, which he sipped with some difficulty.

"Are you hurt?"

Karl nodded, and placed his hand to his side with evident pain.

"Did you strike yourself in falling?"

"No," he replied faintly, "it fell partly on me."

"And stunned you so that you could not swim?"

"Yes, yes."

His speech gradually returned, and he asked after Hoven.

"Davie is on the look out for him."

"Poor old fellow, I am glad he is all right. My side is very painful, I cannot take a long breath. How I came here I do not know. Did you bring me?"

"Pray be quiet, Karl, and I will go in search of Hoven and the boat." He laid Karl down gently, and placed the haversack under his head. "There, do not stir for the present."

The swell had not yet subsided, and the impetus the fragment—weighing many thousands of tons—acquired in its descent, carried it very far from its original site, and the boat was most probably beneath it, as not a plank or oar could be discovered. It was a sad loss. Hoven was a most useful man, always ready, cheerful, and active. They shuddered as they recalled his piercing shriek, heard above the roar of that dreadful moment. It was too evident. His fate was sealed in that cry of despair.

Davie now climbed the face of the rock, and gazed over the scene of their narrow escape.

"Do you see any traces?"

"No, sir; not a splinter, and the ice will soon close over anything that may float up, it is setting in, and there is no water to be seen between this and the horizon, save the small pool near the shore."

"If we could but see the cutter."

"Never see her any more, sir, unless she comes to the top when the iceberg takes its next roll, and then she will be useless. If I could only have one more look at my mess-mate, the boat might go. He and I had many a rough watch together. He was a good sailor. How is Mr. Petersen? Is he coming round?"

"Yes, Davie; but I fear his ribs are broken, for he complains of pain in his side when he breathes."

"When I fell from aloft and broke mine, the doctor tied a hankerchief tightly round my chest under my arms, which eased me very quickly."

"A good thought, Davie; of course the less motion for broken bones, the better chance of a cure. We will remain here for the night, so as to give Mr. Petersen a long rest; and should poor Hoven's body be found, we will pay him the respect of burying him upon the land, and raising a cairn above his grave."

They searched the floe after the pressure had subsided, but did not meet with any signs of their comrade or the cutter.

Petersen had so far rallied as to be able to sit up and have his chest bound by Davie, who knew from painful experience how to secure the handkerchiefs, so as to give his patient the most relief. The loss of the sail, and the saturated state of their clothes added to their discomfort. The birds and biscuit were saved, but the loss of the stove deprived them of the means of procuring water. They had reserved a small tin of preserved meat, this they were reluctantly compelled to broach, to employ as a vessel wherein to melt the snow.

After taking another careful look around, Manfred sought out a convenient spot for their resting-place. He searched the cliffs for many hundred yards in either direction before he found suitable shelter. At last he selected a place well adapted to their wants, as it was inside a spur of stone placed obliquely to the main rock, thus protecting them from the breeze which was freshening to a gale. No roof could be made with the small means at their command; they therefore contented themselves with arranging a snug corner for Petersen, lined with moss and a scanty gather-

ing of old eider down. Davie built a fireplace of stones, and commenced arrangements for roasting the birds in their feathers; by this method of cooking they could be deprived of their skins before being eaten, and were then palatable to hungry men. The old man was busy broiling enough for two days' consumption, in order to continue their journey, if possible, beyond the twenty-four hours. Returning to Petersen Manfred assisted him to rise, and supported him as he walked to the encampment. Although badly hurt, Karl contrived to move without any great increase of suffering, gladly availing himself of the resting-place they had kindly prepared. The night proving frosty, they felt the want of the boat and sail. Petersen's accident rendering him feverish, prevented any sound sleep. The following day he was very stiff from the bruising, and required to halt frequently. Walter and Davie divided the weight between them; thus advancing, they made more progress than could have been expected.

Petersen was teased with a cough, which increased in violence, and attended by excessive thirst, compelled them to melt snow for

him. His appetite failed. They were anxiously looking out for Cape Shackleton, as a known point from which they could determine their distance from the settlement; and once there, one of the party might push on alone and send assistance.

The second day a white hare allowed them to approach her within a yard or two, and was shot by Manfred. This was a great luxury after the birds, and was much relished by Davie and Manfred. A portion was boiled into a broth, and of this Petersen partook sparingly, and against his inclination. He was silent and uncomplaining, and endeavoured to conceal the pain he felt from his comrades, who cheered him with kind words and bright hopes. Every day diminished Karl's strength, and yet he struggled forward resolutely, and at times cheerfully. The handkerchief bound around his chest now became slack; it was re-adjusted by Manfred, and his own placed over it to add to his comfort. The land was altering in character, and the steep face of Cape Shackleton stood boldly forth in the distance, with ice piled up against it like a formidable barricade. They were again obliged

to make a long halt on Karl's account. He was much distressed at being the cause of the delay, and finding he became more of a burden each day, he desired them to leave him.

"But for me, Manfred, you would have been out of danger. Why risk the lives of two men for the sake of one who at the best can only drag on for a few days longer?"

"While I have life, Karl, I will not desert you. We have stood side by side in many perils, and I believe shall never fail one another in future trials."

"I know your unselfishness, Manfred; but give me a loaded gun and provisions for a few days, and you may then reach Uppernavik, and possibly return to help me more effectually than by remaining to share my fate."

"In a day or two, if we have good luck in the chase, Davie shall push on for the settlement and seek assistance; but we are a long way off."

"You are younger and stronger, let him remain while you go forward; at his age there is not the endurance or confidence as at yours."

"Davie has more knowledge of the coast

and the ice than I have, therefore, pray, say no more on the subject; I cannot leave you, Karl."

The next day, their fuel running low, and their stock of food decreasing, Davie walked along the coast with his gun, and after a short time returned with an old weather-beaten bone of a whale, which he had picked up on the shore, and the welcome news of an inland pond beyond a low point, with some king duck and northern divers upon its banks. Manfred started in pursuit, and was fortunate in shooting a pair of the former; the latter were too wild to be approached. On his return he found Davie had kindled a good fire with the whalebone, and had melted snow enough to satisfy Karl's thirst. One of the ducks was now skinned, and as much of it as would go into the tin was placed to simmer over the fire, to make broth for their suffering comrade. Even in his weak condition Karl could not help admiring the plumage of the king duck, and noticed the thick fleshy prominence above its orange bill.

Each day they had to shoot the food required for the next; and as creatures of all

kinds were becoming scarce their anxiety greatly increased. As it would soon be impossible for Karl to proceed, they took counsel together, and decided that Davie should start for Uppernavik, as soon as they could find sufficient to support him by the way. Karl made another effort to induce Manfred to go, but in vain.

In the evening Walter went out in the hope of meeting with some birds upon the cliffs, but the presence of an Arctic fox (*canis lagopus*) had driven them away. Turning his footsteps inland, and following a deep ravine for some distance, he emerged upon a sheltered valley, and descried two reindeer and a fawn. Having nothing with him but small shot, he feared to venture forward with so slight a probability of securing the game; nevertheless, he resolved to risk a shot if he could stalk them to within a few yards. At every step he kept his eyes steadily upon them, and when the slightest motion of their heads indicated alarm, he was stationary and held his breath. The animals were quite tame, and raising their heads, gazed at him in surprise, until he was within two or three yards, partially hidden by

a large boulder. Raising his piece over the edge of the rock, and taking deliberate aim, he fired full into the chest of the one closest to him. The deer sprang back with a bound, stunned for the moment; before he could recover, Walter was upon him, and drove his knife into the creature's neck, and then seized him by the antlers. Unwilling to lose his prey, Manfred held on to the struggling and enraged animal, who dragged him for many yards over the stones in his efforts to shake him off, until a desperate blow buried the knife deep in the chest of the buck, and terminated the contest. Manfred rose, and on examining the head of the reindeer, he found that the charge had taken effect upon that spot,—hence the bewildered action of the beast, whose first impulse is generally flight. The skin would be invaluable to Karl as a covering, and so good a supply of tender and delicate meat would greatly nourish him, besides furnishing Davie with food for his expedition. The next thought was how to remove his spoil to their resting-place. Hastily skinning the deer, he separated the hind quarters, and hid the remainder beneath large

stones, and, lifting the meat in the hide upon his shoulders, he retraced his steps, only stopping to gather a few leaves of sorrel for his sick friend. In the excitement of the moment Walter did not notice the state of his knees, which were torn and bleeding, nor was it until he came within sight of his companions that he felt lame. Old Davie was in raptures at the sight of the deer, and forthwith made ready some of the meat. Karl endeavoured to eat, but could not, then leaning back begged to be allowed to sleep.

"We had better put things in order for your start in the morning, Davie. I will fetch the other portion of the reindeer while you cook as much as you can take with you."

Nothing of moment happened to Manfred while away; upon his return he found the old man and Petersen asleep, the latter occasionally starting and muttering uneasily. Instead of following their example, Manfred busied himself in collecting things requisite for their messenger,—choosing the lightest gun, and putting into his flask a small quantity of the remaining wine, and afterwards bound up the provisions in a square of bearskin, fasten-

ing it with a strip of hide. Walter began to feel heat in his wounds, and considerable smarting, which he relieved by the application of a handful of snow. He then joined his comrades in the enclosure.

Davie was early astir, and somewhat surprised to find everything ready to his hand. His moving about awoke Manfred, who said,—

"I have prepared the things for your journey; take my coat with you, and do not touch the wine until quite obliged. Before you leave, make a good breakfast off the cold venison."

The repast was taken in silence, and they parted with some emotion, Davie saying, "God bless you both, gentlemen. Cheer up, Mr. Petersen, you will soon have relief." After a hearty shake of the hand, the sailor shouldered his gun. As he left, Manfred noticed Davie turned away his head, and drew the rough sleeve across his bronzed cheek.

With much labour and skill Manfred contrived to build a roof over their sleeping-place, and having collected more moss, he re-made Karl's couch.

"What a comfort that deerskin has proved

to me, Walter; this has been my best night. God send that poor Davie may come to no harm."

"Oh, there is little fear of that; he is well used to the work, and has been cast away in this country before. I am glad you feel better, and hope you will take more food to-day."

"I will try my best."

The head of the deer, chopped into small pieces, and boiled in the tin, made a rich soup, and the invalid managed to eat a little for the first time for many days. This alteration for the better was of short duration, for in the evening he grew worse, and had a severe attack of coughing. After it was over, Karl again urged Walter to leave him to his fate, and spoke with such rapidity of things unconnected with their present state, that Manfred perceived his mind wandered. His hands were ever in motion. The lips were parched and tremulous.

After the departure of their messenger, Karl's condition became worse—consciousness entirely forsook him, and he showed no signs of life beyond a continuous moaning. Watch-

ing anxiously for the slightest change, Manfred knelt by his friend's side, now and then feeling the pulse or chafing the thin hands, and occasionally making efforts to pour a small portion of the wine into the sick man's mouth, forcing himself to believe there would soon be a change for the better. The stock of fuel was nearly exhausted, so that Manfred was obliged to seek some material for kindling a fire, dreading lest in his absence Karl might be attacked by bears, or even foxes.

With some exertion he collected enough dry moss to melt a little snow for Petersen. In his solicitude for his friend, he had not noticed his own lameness, until he stumbled and fell when returning. In the solemn silence, watching the insensible form of his companion, he passed many weary hours, filled with memories of happier days, still hopefully trusting in that strength of will which had carried him over many wild scenes of terror. In this hour of calamity he did not forget to ask assistance of his Creator, to whom, from his earliest years, he had poured out the desires of his soul. No despair distressed him, no doubts annoyed him.

On the fourth day Petersen made signs for drink. After taking a little wine and water, he sank back with a sigh upon his rude couch. Manfred had been very careful in saving the wine, but at this time he had only enough left to fill the top of his flask. Those hours of solitude and anxiety were painfully long.

Hoping that Davie might have reached Uppernavik, and that relief would not be much longer delayed, Manfred thought little of himself, in comparison with the welfare of his comrade. Could he but prolong his life until the comforts that would be brought should arrive, he still believed Karl would survive the long exposure. With the utmost speed, it would require, after Davie's arrival, four or five days for the sledges to reach. The sky had become overcast, and snow began to fall thickly, so as to hide the colour of the shore. This would greatly retard the sledges, by rendering the floe soft and yielding to the runners. Karl stirred, muttering a few incoherent words; but before Walter could catch their import, they were gone. How he longed to be recognised, as well as to learn the sick man's wants from his own lips.

Manfred sat down and adjusted the reindeer skin, which had been partly thrown off in the sudden jerks Karl frequently gave; then leaning his face upon his hands, he was soon thinking of dear Denmark; for many days and nights he resisted sleep—now, however, he dozed. How long he may have continued thus he could not tell, when he was aroused by something moving. Raising his eyes, he perceived a white hare sitting almost within reach. He watched the movements of the animal's long ears for some time, as they were raised at the slightest sound,—the vigorous life of the hare formed so pleasing a contrast to the machine-like condition of poor Karl. It was such a relief to his loneliness, he at first refrained from destroying it. When it was inclined to depart, necessity induced him to shoot it.

At the report of the gun Petersen looked up, and showed signs of consciousness. Raising his hand, with an effort, to his lips, he directed his glance towards the tin of water close to him. From this time he became sensible, opening his eyes more often when Walter spoke to him, or replying to his questions in

the affirmative by closing the lids, as Manfred begged of him to do until he could speak. Karl was greatly reduced in flesh, the bones of the face standing out harshly, and the eyes retreating into their sockets, as if they fell back upon the life within the skull to revive their sensibility. More wine and water, with the broth made from a leg of the hare, was now sipped alternately, at short intervals; and the tin which held the latter was clutched with so much eagerness as to endanger the contents. After a quieter nap Karl showed symptoms of returning vigour, and his whole look indicated greater freedom from distress; but extreme weakness remained, under which he might sink. The cold nights would add to the danger, unless speedy help came.

As the stock of powder diminished, from the necessity of using it to procure a light for the fire, Manfred knew that only a few days more remained before they must perish for want of food. In this extremity he thought of the inland pond, recollecting to have read that fish were to be found in such places. He would try if such was the case. For this purpose he broke off a small piece of wire

from the meat tin, intending to bait with a piece of flesh, and twisted a line out of his silk neck-handkerchief. Repairing to the pool while Karl slept, he found its surface frozen, requiring some labour before he could break through the ice with his knife. After many unsuccessful attempts, he abandoned his fishing in despair. The kneeling upon the frozen pond increased his lameness. He had reserved the hare for Petersen, and was now compelled to eat its skin, after singing the hair off. He tried to slake his thirst with snow—this made him feel ill.

Karl continually craved for food, becoming very restless. Manfred never moved from his side, except for fuel, at this time very scarce, or to take an anxious look over the floe or along the coast. At length Karl could acknowledge Walter's kind attention with a smile, and signified that he was suffering from lying upon the hard surface.

CHAPTER XI.

DAVIE'S NARRATIVE.

HE snow falls, melts, and freezes, until the light, feathery flakes are changed into the dense, transparent icicle. Man's floating fancies solidify, in the busy life of every-day realities, into one settled purpose, that stretches fearlessly out over the dark cavern of the future, as the pendant stalactite from the leaning edge of the precipice.

There are, however, a few whose lives resemble the wind-driven snow-flakes. No purpose, no high or lofty aim, no divine aspirations seem to be theirs. Not caring to use the faculties with which they are endowed, they waste their powers in the enervating intoxication of idleness or the equally pernicious indulgence of the senses. From these the well regulated mind and body stand forth full of majesty and beauty. How much to be admired is the cultivated intellect, conver-

sant with the ennobling thoughts of the giant thinkers of old, adding its own store to those who have gone before,—not the overtaxed brain in the neglected frame, but the healthy organ re-acted upon by a well-exercised and vigorous system, without any undue strain to either, but a just subordination of the one to the other. This is the man who does God's work as God has commanded, and, in the doing, proves the wisdom of his Creator and finds his own happiness.

Before twenty-four hours had elapsed, Müller had planned a second expedition without the risk of trusting to the Esquimaux. Living in the colony were several Danish mechanics, one of whom was noted for managing a dog-sledge as well as the natives. Hearing that the failure of the last attempt was due to the obstinacy of the drivers, he volunteered to make one of the next party; and this the more readily from having known the Manfreds when at Copenhagen.

Müller could conduct one of the sledges, the Danish carpenter another, and the third would be given to Calleharona and another European. Calleharona wished to redeem his reputation,

as, since his return, he had been scouted by the Christian settlers for having deserted his master.

Fifty men were sent from the ship to lay out a depôt of provisions. The men worked with a will, and a few hours sufficed to send away the sailors with their load.

Müller having made arrangements for the same look-out to be kept as during his last trip, again set forth on his journey.

The ship's company were so excited at the loss of two of their most valued officers, that they asked permission in a body to further the search. Captain Hertz, highly gratified by their request, had granted leave for twenty more men to advance with the fifty as far as the first headland. When returning, they met Müller, and gave him "God speed you," with many cheers and much waving of caps.

Müller stood erect on the sledge, waved his hand in answer, and in a few minutes was a mere speck fading away upon the horizon.

No important event transpired for the first three days of his journey, which was much impeded by the freshly-fallen snow. On the fourth evening he had encamped upon a steep

shelving beach, protected from the north by a hill. The tent was set up, the men had finished their meal, and the dogs were secured for the night. The thermometer was rapidly falling, and each one was trying to make himself snug for the night. The governor alone lingered in the open air, when the report of a gun startled him, and caused him to turn round towards the place from whence it came. He could see the smoke some distance to the northward, still clinging to the land, near to a dark spot on the ground.

"It is one of them!" he shouted joyously. "Come, lads, follow me who will!" Then saying a few words to Calleharona, he hurried forward at the double. As he drew near, he perceived a man lying full length upon the shingle. He walked on quickly until he could distinguish the dress of a seaman, and by his side the gun whose discharge had attracted his notice. Müller shouted, but received no answer. When within a few yards he called again, and fancied there was a slight movement; but on arriving at the spot, he found the poor fellow had fainted.

Drawing his flask of wine from his coat

pocket, he endeavoured to pour a little into the mouth of the prostrate sailor. He succeeded after several attempts. Some time elapsed before the man thoroughly revived. By this time the carpenter had come up, and at once commenced rubbing the hands of the sufferer, whose sensibility slowly returned. A few mouthfuls of wine soon restored the circulation, and the poor fellow stared around him in bewilderment.

"Cheer up, my friend; you are quite safe. There, take another pull at the drink; it will not hurt you. So, well done! Do you feel better?"

"Better," the man repeated after Müller, and seemed to rally at the word.

"You are one of the missing boat's party, are you not?"

"Yes; old Davie. Who are you?"

"The governor of Uppernavik, the friend of Mr. Petersen."

"All right, then."

"Yes, you are quite safe."

"Thank God for that! It was nigh all up with me. You the governor! Who's the captain, then?"

"I left your captain at Uppernavik."

"Ah, yes. I was half-stupid."

"Where are your companions? Are they alive?"

"Yes; but Mr. Petersen is very ill away there to the north."

"How long since you parted with them?"

"May be a week or more. I do not recollect. Poor Hoven is lost."

"Is he not with the others?"

"No, no. Poor Hoven! he perished when we lost our boat."

"Can you walk?"

"A yard or two at the most."

"Do not talk any more at present. Here comes the sledge, and when we have given you a warm meal you may chat as long as you please."

They assisted Davie on to the sledge, and were shortly retracing their steps to the encampment. Once under cover, the men forgot their fatigues, and assiduously administered to the wants of their newly-found friend. A cup of tea, with reindeer meat and bread, brought back strength to the old man. He was very thin and jaded, but firm and healthy to look at when his colour returned. His feet were

very sore; to relieve them they gave him a pair of sealskin mocassins. He soon rallied.

"If you will let me, sir, I think I can tell you all about our ill-starred shooting, and where I left the officers."

We will not follow Davie in his narrative from the commencement, but take him up from the time of leaving the young men.

"My first start was promising enough, as they had furnished me with the best part of the reindeer and a good sup of wine. I resolved to walk until I could walk no longer, but soon discovered that my feet would not hold out over so bad a road. I could not get any water, and that troubled me surprisingly. Once or twice I managed to find a piece of fresh-water ice, and that was a treat to me, for the snow did not slake my thirst. When I found I could go no farther, I laid down to sleep; and it was not long before I had forgotten my trouble, and fancied I was in Denmark, eating and drinking the nicest things I ever tasted, in a room full of light and wonderfully comfortable. How long I remained hard and fast I cannot tell, but when I came to myself I felt something gnawing and

tugging at my bundle; and upon jumping up in a fright, I saw a white fox scampering away. Then I thought, What if he has eaten my food? Upon looking, I became aware of his work, in the shape of a good-sized hole in the skin, and the loss of a few mouthfuls of meat.

"He was out of shot before I recollected my gun, or I would have paid him out for his theft. After this, I was very loath to trust myself to sleep, as I could not afford to lose any portion of my scanty store. Once or twice I felt so completely done up that, had my life been the only one at stake, I must have given in; but I thought of Mr. Petersen's words, 'It is a coward who yields under difficulties,' and I knew he would never do so. On I went again until I came to a headland with water round it, where the old floe had not been forced, as on either side projecting icebergs stretched beyond it, taking off the pressure. The tide broke up the newly-formed ice, and the pack outside was in motion, rendering it unsafe for me to venture on it. I could not climb the cliff, so I determined to swim round to the other side.

After finding a steady piece of ice suited to my purpose, I placed everything I had upon it, and, with considerable fatigue, gained the shore beyond. I was dressed in a few seconds, and glad to walk briskly, as the water had benumbed my limbs. I ate as I walked; this, however, gave me a pain in my chest. I did not see a trace of life except the fox. This made me sad for those I had left behind."

"My next trouble was a trend in the coast, with a deep ravine running inland, the road round was very long, and yet I feared to trust to the ice, I waited until the night's frost had glued the loose blocks together, and then hurried across; my fears were, however, groundless, for the pack was so closely pressed there was no danger. The exertion I had undergone weakened me, and my stages were shorter and shorter. I now dreaded sleep, as the cold had a most benumbing effect upon me. The last miserable day I resolved to exert my whole strength, and not to stop until I found assistance or fell down and perished. The victuals being consumed my hunger tormented me; how I blamed myself for allowing the fox to steal away. I gathered the dark

lichen from the rocks and ate a little, but that increased my thirst.

"I had reeled towards a stone for support, perfectly done up, when, as I leaned my head upon the rock, I fancied I heard the yelping of dogs. Listening for a while and not hearing it repeated, I believed my senses were growing confused, for I felt very giddy. Soon, however, the barking was more distinct; it came nearer; this gave me renewed courage. Seizing my gun, I tottered along as far as the bend in the coast and beyond the point. My limbs were so stiff that I hardly made any advance. When I reached the turn in the shore, I could not see any one, and again thought it was all fancy. My heart sank within me, and everything grew dim, then I made a last effort and succeeded in firing my gun, staggered forward, and fell to the earth. I recollect nothing afterwards until I felt the cup at my lips, and folks stooping over me, urging me to drink."

"Thank God, my friend, you had enough presence of mind left to discharge the piece!" said Müller, "or we should not have discovered you for eight or nine hours. You were so completely prostrated by your exer-

tions and privations that another night's exposure would have resulted in death. A few days' rest, with plenty of nourishment, will recruit your strength and enable you to reach the ship, while we hasten forward to succour your late companions. May we be as fortunate in rescuing them as we were with you. The distance is not very great if we can trust to the ice. The travelling is better upon the old floe than near the shore."

The carpenter proposed to set out in two hours' time, but the native driver advised a longer rest.

Müller thought six hours' sleep would be sufficient; and, in order to economise time, the dogs were to have a double meal that night. The best dogs were to be harnassed to the two sledges destined to perform the whole distance, while the third, with those most used up, could carry the heavy weights for the first stage. After six days had expired this sledge was to start again to meet them returning. Davie might either wait at the depôt or go on to the ship with the seamen. In spite of his lameness the old sailor was very anxious to accompany them. This, of course, was impos-

sible, and he was fain to be contented with a tot of grog to drink a successful termination to their endeavours.

"Tell them from me, Mr. Müller, if I had been ten years younger I would have gone."

The party was up betimes as they could not rest, so ardent were their wishes for the recovery of their friends.

Davie and the man left at the depôt raised a cheer at the departure, but the barking of the dogs drowned their voices. Müller now turned in his mind the prospects before him, and thought over various methods of carrying the injured man back to the settlement; for this purpose he had with him extra furs and warm wrappers. The sad account given by Davie rendered it unlikely they would arrive in time to avert a melancholy fate, or even should they, Karl might prove incapable of removal. In vain did Müller strive to confine his thoughts to mere facts, and although knowing the inutility of his imaginings, he could not prevent them.

Should death have overtaken Petersen he knew that Manfred would soon be met by them, so that his non-appearance would be more favourable than otherwise.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RESCUE.

HO that looks over the broad waters of the ocean can number in his fancy the myriad drops that have fallen to produce so fathomless and unsearchable an expanse? Who that has watched the thunder-cloud bursting at noon over the mountain can call to mind the thin and early morning vapours that have arisen from quiet pleasant valleys, from rapid rivers, from inland lakes, or broader seas, to create its black and terrible gloom? Who then can depict each puny circumstance, each great event, each fear, each disappointment that unite to form a gigantic sorrow or a life-long grief? We tremble at the accumulation, while we allow the gathering littles to pass on without a thought. We wonder at the climax of man's misery, but do not see the slight privations, the insignificant losses, and the petty trials of which it is formed. We read of the

frightful fate of our companions, but do not see behind it the lengthened suffering, the slowly-increasing agonies, the exhausted mental energies which have preceded the end; nor can we estimate the imagined horrors which seize upon a weakened intellect.

Manfred set aside in despair the thin, poor broth he had made, the lips of his friend did not close upon the vessel, and the warmth of his hands had departed. The wan and pinched features were fixed; nothing indicated life but a weakly-beating heart and an occasional breath.

A tear trembled in Walter's eye, and fell unheeded upon Karl's transparent hand. A week had elapsed, and no prospect of succour appeared. The last remnants of food had been used in making the broth for Petersen. For several days Walter had not taken sufficient to appease hunger, fearing to be without nourishment for the invalid if he should show symptoms of improvement. Every morning he scoured the coast for animals, but without success. Anxiety for his friend told upon him more than any physical suffering would.

The thought of returning to Denmark, and

having to relate the tragic end of Karl to his mother, was most painful. He cast many long and searching looks in the direction whence he expected help if it ever came.

The next morning he began more keenly to experience the pangs of hunger. The scanty stock reserved for Karl was at last finished. Death seemed inevitable; and should the next night prove as cold as the last, Petersen must succumb, and he himself could only hope for a few days' respite.

Taking from his pocket a scrap of paper, and trying to write a few words with a point of charred bone, Manfred's hand trembled, his sight grew dim, and the thought of home and all he loved overpowered him. He made many attempts before he could write one word legibly, and that was the name of his friend. Presently, to his great joy, Karl's eyes opened and moved feebly towards him. Manfred pressed the hand he had taken and fancied his lips moved.

He then melted some snow, and gave the water to the dying man, whose sunken features might have expressed a wish had not the extreme emaciation rendered it unintelligible.

Karl again relapsed into insensibility, and Walter made another endeavour to record their condition. While thus engaged he was startled by the sound of a gun. "Thank God," he exclaimed before turning towards the sound, then springing to his feet and looking seaward, he beheld a dog-sledge driven by a form he knew to be the governor's, placing his own fowling piece to his shoulder, he fired into the air. This attracted the attention of Müller who was at his side in a few minutes, and, grasping his hand exclaimed,—

"God be praised, my dear friend, are we in time to aid poor Petersen?"

"He is very ill—lying there." Manfred could say no more, the sudden joy in his exhausted state made his "head swim;" and he caught Müller's arm to prevent himself from falling.

The good missionary understood at a glance Walter's condition, and, pouring out a little spirit and water, applied it to his lips. "So, so, no more at present, sit down upon the sledge while I bring out some comforts for both of you."

Manfred obeyed, and, as he did so, pointed

with his finger towards the place where Karl lay.

"Yes, I understand," said Muller, taking from a small case a bottle of wine and water, then walking to Karl's side, and kneeling, he managed to let fall a few drops into his mouth, which were swallowed very slowly.

The second sledge approached them at less speed than the first; the dogs were evidently hard pressed. Manfred had somewhat recovered, and sat watching Müller in his preparations for heating some soup, providently sent by Gottfrieda; he was not, however, unemployed, an excellent rein-deer pate affording him comfort and amusement. The carpenter's sledge now came up, and it was resolved they should encamp at once, and give their whole attention to the injured man, so that he might be fitted to bear an early removal. "I do not think it advisable to remove Karl for a few days," said Manfred. Müller replied, "We have ample provision to permit our remaining here for two or three nights; and a large depôt awaits us half way to Upernavik."

"The soup is quite hot, sir," said the car-

penter; who had taken Müller's place at the stove, "shall I take it to the sick officer?"

"No, thank you, if you will see to the tent and feed the dogs, I will look to Mr. Petersen." Müller tasted the soup and turned his attention to Karl.

Manfred's improvement was rapid, and Müller had some trouble in restricting his appetite for the first twenty-four hours, saying,—

"If you indulge at first you will suffer afterwards, the weakened stomach must not be worked hard."

On the morrow he was left to his own prudence, being comparatively well. All care was concentrated upon Petersen; many appliances were used to ease his pain, such as a soft pillow to support his head, a more convenient bandage than the handkerchiefs for his chest; and, to these were added, the protection of a tent, and the comfort of extra covering, so much needed from the daily decreasing temperature. The second day the change in Petersen was more apparent, he could speak a word or two occasionally.

In the evening he said, "Let us go."

On the morrow his anxiety to leave the spot where he had suffered so severely was very great. It was therefore agreed they should make a short journey to satisfy him, and test his powers.

They lifted the sick man upon Müller's sledge, propping him up with the softest articles at hand, and so steadied his light, weak frame, as to break the shocks of the onward motion. He expressed himself satisfied, and thanked them for their care. In order to give him a rest after his first move, they lighted the fire before finally starting, and took their last meal, to which Karl did justice.

The time expended in their retreat being of no moment, Müller chose the smoothest route. Karl bore the exhilarating drive very well for the first few hours; and then showing signs of distress, expressed a wish to make a short halt. An hour or two's quiet and fresh supplies to sustain his strength, enabled him to bear another stage, and so, slowly, but certainly, he reached the depôt.

Old Davie was on the look out when they sighted the hill above his resting-place, and

was soon on his way towards them. When he was near enough to discover that Petersen was with them, and alive, he tossed his cap into the air, and became extravagant in his expressions of joy.

Poor Karl was equally pleased, and shook Davie by the hand.

"Ah, Mr. Petersen, it was nearly all over with us; but we are safe, and shall soon be in good quarters again. Come, one word for old Davie." The tear stood in the bold eyes, and trickled down the rough, hard cheek, before the averted head could conceal its emotion.

"Thank you, comrade," said Karl, "I owe my life to you and your brave friends."

The pleasure of meeting his officer, and the sorrow at seeing him so much emaciated, had been too much for Davie, he could say no more.

The depôt was soon laid under contribution, and a rest determined upon for two days, as the dogs had hitherto been half fed, and were very jaded.

Davie informed them of the return of the sailors to the ship; and that he had sent

by them the news of the loss of poor Hoven, as also the probability of the others' safety.

Once more they are away over the even land floe for the settlement, no further doubt, no more difficulty, onward to the end, with lighter hearts and hopeful spirits.

Petersen gained strength, but retained his hollow, distressing cough. He was forbidden to talk, or exert himself in any way. He never complained, and met their attentions with a smile, and a quiet "Thank you," trying to appear better and stronger than he really was, so much did he fear adding to the anxiety of those about him.

Müller could not be deceived, for in his position of governor at a distant colony, he had carefully noticed men's looks in all stages of disease; yet he never allowed his thoughts to be known while journeying, lest by so doing the party should be dispirited.

At length they were in sight of the cliff above Uppernavik; but the sick man was more feeble than usual.

They discern figures upon the hill top. The people expect them; nearer and nearer, the confused forms assume definite shapes, the

mingled crowd claims its individuality; and faces express their own feelings to the beholders. Ready hands were stretched out to assist, and the sledges were quickly unladen. Silena welcomed them with tears of joy, and embraced her father; then turning to Petersen said a few kind words of sympathy. He was carried to the house upon the sledge, borne by four men. Gottfrieda met them at the door; and conducted them to a pleasant room which was in perfect readiness for the expected invalid. Captain Hertz hastened to greet his lost officers, and old Davie was surrounded by his messmates. As the captain passed Müller he said, "I have sent our doctor on to the manse to attend to Karl." He then passed into the house, and congratulated Karl upon his escape.

"You will remain here until quite restored; as the accommodation is better than on board the *Fulmar*, and you will be quieter. Every day one or other of your messmates shall visit you, so that you will not want for amusement."

"You are very considerate, Captain Hertz, and I thank you very much for your kindness; but I feel that I shall not trouble any one much longer, my side gets worse, and I am

weaker. May I ask you to write to my mother by the first opportunity, that she may be prepared for the worst."

"You speak under the influence of great depression, and take too gloomy a view of the future. We will say no more at present. I will see you again to-morrow, and trust I shall find you better. Good-bye, and pray keep quiet and rest yourself completely." He then left the room to speak to Manfred.

"What is your wish, Manfred? Do you care to go on board, or will you stay with Karl? You can do as you please. Your conduct deserves the highest praise, and shall be mentioned at home. Davie has made us accquainted with your sufferings, and when you are rested, I hope to have your own account of the accident."

"We are not always weather wise, Captain Hertz, or we should be spared many discomforts. I am very grateful for your exertions on our behalf, and with your permission I will remain the night at our kind host's; he has been the means of rescuing us, and I would express to him how greatly I feel indebted for his perseverance."

CHAPTER XIII.

FRIENDS IN DENMARK.

E measure time by numerous and varied mechanical contrivances; by the oscillations of the pendulum, by the falling sands of the glass, by the balance wheel of the watch; but the expectant heart, trembling with doubt, substitutes an age for a second, and lives an eternity of tribulation in the fleeting circle of a season.

Are we not ourselves a timepiece? Does not our pulse beat seconds, our hunger mark the watches, our sleep the days, our wrinkles the years, and is not death the snapping of our mainspring?

We look back upon the dial-plate of our life, and it is, as of the moment, known to us only as a small inner circle of eternity. The beings we love, the thoughts we prize, are scarcely with us, ere in that rapid revolution they are of the past, and before we have time

to recall their excellences, we are with them in the glorious future.

In the hours of our grief, how few of us give one regard to the short period that will elapse before the cherished object we have lost will be again united to us by the indissoluble bonds of an everlasting promise; and yet a sorrowing Christian hath this hope and assurance.

Why grieve? why mourn? is it selfish greed that prompts our lamentations? or is it of our nature, that we may be led to cherish with unselfish love those left to share our life? Man seldom reasons thus, and only sees God's wisdom and justice through the searching telescope of time. Why should our doubts weigh down our spirits, and distort to horrid fancies the sober reasons of our hope?

Such thoughts were present to Mrs. Petersen, when the uncertainty of her son's fate came over her during the winter. The mother's care of her daughter beguiled much of the time, and friends never allowed many days to elapse without calling. The kind but eccentric Dr. Krantz was a daily visitor. He had taken every means to receive the earliest

news from any vessel likely to bring accounts from Greenland. His friend the harbour-master was enjoined to communicate with him, directly the transport came in sight; and this favour was asked many months before it could be fulfilled.

The Manfreds had a fine English yacht, which the colonel intended to commission early in the year, in the hope of cruising in the track of the vessel coming from the north.

When the transport arrived, Dr. Krantz left his scholars, and hastened to take boat. In this he was prevented, by observing one of the ship's cutters pulling in for the landing-place. The captain was the first to step on shore, and was quickly surrounded by the friends of people at the settlements, and on board the *Fulmar;* so that it was some time before the doctor could inquire after his young friends.

The reply was, "Manfred and Petersen had been found; the latter in a state of so great exhaustion, that fears are entertained for his ultimate recovery."

"They were on shore at Uppernavik when

we last communicated, in the autumn; but as we were compelled to winter in Holsteinberg, we have not later news."

"You heard of their misadventure?"

"We received an account from the same whaleship which recovered their boat; but we were ignorant of the names of the officers. As I am required to report myself to the authorities, I must wish you good morning."

The doctor repaired to the residence of Mrs. Petersen, and judiciously made the particulars known to her. After leaving, he again met the captain, who inquired how the account had been received.

"With great resignation, and gratitude that her son was spared so sad a fate."

"Thank you, doctor; you have saved me a most unpleasant duty."

They parted at the door of the house, the one to give full particulars to the mother, the other to relate to his pupil his brother Walter's escape, and heroic conduct.

Mrs. Petersen received the captain with great cordiality, and listened with eagerness to his relation of what he had heard of their trials.

"Has he any one to nurse him, captain?"

"I heard he was admirably cared for by the pastor Müller and his daughter. Manfred is constantly with him, and his messmates frequently visit him."

"Thank you; it is a great relief to me to know he is with such kind friends."

"The despatches from Captain Hertz are full of his and Manfred's praises; and I heard to-day the next transport will carry out their promotions. Allow me to congratulate you upon the well-deserved step."

"Many thanks; if his health permits him to enjoy the honour, he will be much gratified. Do you think, captain, I could reach Upper-navik this year, by the next ship?"

"It is a disagreeable voyage, and your son is in excellent keeping. I should not like to advise you to such a course."

"The change would be beneficial to myself and daughter; and then think of the gratification of being able to take charge of my poor Karl."

"Ah! here is Dr. Krantz again. What has brought you back so speedily?"

"It is well, my dear madam; our friend,

the man of battles, has this moment landed, and is about to provision his pretty craft for a longer voyage than usual. He sends me to you, with his kind compliments, and those of his lady, with a pressing invitation to yourself and daughter, to join them in a summer trip to Greenland, to look after the lost sheep."

"Lost lions, you mean, doctor; no sheep have hearts like our friends."

"It was but a figure of speech; it is well. I would not dispute with you; they are both, —the one in gentleness, the other in courage."

"Give them my warmest thanks," said Mrs. Petersen. "I accept their offer most gratefully; it has made me very happy."

"There is one other piece of information I was desired to relate,—Dr. Krantz is to be one of the party."

"Indeed! that is wonderful. Why, doctor, how many years is it since you had a holiday?"

"I have been at my post, my dear madam, thirty-five years, and my duty has been my greatest pleasure. The young men were especial favourites of mine, and a small amount

of persuasion won me over; the more so, as I was ordered change during the year by my medical adviser."

"We shall be delighted, doctor, by your society."

"It is well, it is well we are good friends together; and as the young people are to go with us, we shall form a merry crew. I have also another inducement, that of seeing my old companion, Wilhelm Müller. I promised a quick reply. Adieu for the present."

The captain rose, and took his leave, offering the services of his boat to convey any of the luggage on board the yacht. Mrs. Petersen again thanked her visitors, and after their departure, called her daughter.

"Ella, come hither, my child; we are to take a sea voyage with the Manfreds, and our destination is Greenland, to bring your brother home."

"O mamma, how delightful! how I long to see dear Karl again."

"And your aversion is to accompany us."

"What! Dr. Krantz?"

"Yes; he is very pleased, and will be on board as soon as ourselves. We sail immediately; the preparations are complete."

The time was indeed very short; but all parties were anxious to get away, so as to save the risks attending the general breaking up of the northern ice in Baffin's Bay. We will not follow the yacht in her passage, which proved more than ordinarily smooth and pleasant, but resume the narrative about the time of her arrival at Uppernavik.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE END.

GOTTFRIEDA'S good qualities were never so conspicuous as on this occasion. Her recipes and knowledge had been ransacked to furnish all the niceties required for a sick room. Her culinary powers were developed to a marvellous degree, to the wonderment of her master. Silena had lent her aid to put the finishing touch to the arrangements, selecting a few choice books, and placing writing materials ready to the hand of the patient. A Bible lay upon the table near the window, and a few scents and other elegances upon the toilette stand.

The window faced the south-west, and overlooked the bold and extensive prospect of frozen sea and rugged shore.

To the hard stone couch of the last few weeks, the eider down bed presented a wel-

come contrast. Karl's tired and wasted form sank down into the soft elastic mound, hardly pressing upon the limbs it so comfortably sustained.

How long he slept he could not tell, but upon awakening he found Gottfrieda by his bedside knitting. He had not time to speak, before she hurried out of the room, and returned with Müller and the doctor. The latter took his hand, and after feeling his pulse, and asking a few short questions, pronounced his patient much better. "The night's rest has done wonders."

Karl attempted to talk to them, but was interrupted by his cough. The doctor advised him to maintain silence, and Müller, drawing near with the Bible in his hand, sat by the bedside, and, receiving permission, read to him until his breakfast was ready.

The day was passed by occasional visits from his friends and messmates, and in this manner the first week at the manse ended.

The kindness and considerate gentleness of the governor astonished Karl more than the firmness and daring he had heard related of him, chiefly because the rough people he lived

amongst would have tended to deaden the feelings of most men. Every one seemed desirous of being Karl's nurse, and the difficulty was how to decline their well-meant offers.

A few weeks after his arrival at the manse, Karl was dressed, and reclining on a couch, placed so that he could command the prospect from his window; Müller was seated near, with Silena at his side.

"The sun leaves you for about three months."

"Yes, about that time," replied Müller.

"Have you no indication of its presence for the whole of the time."

"Yes, there is even in mid-winter a faint glow towards the south, about twelve o'clock, which increases and decreases as the sun approaches or recedes."

"I shall watch with interest its disappearance below the horizon for the last time this year. I was puzzled by my dreams while away."

"How so?"

"During my greatest suffering they were pleasantest."

"Of what did you dream?"

"Of home scenes, and of friends with well-loved faces, beaming with happiness and pleasure; in fact, of all the most delightful moments of my former existence, the possible blended with the impossible."

His cough interrupted further utterance, and so overcame him that he lent back completely prostrate.

Müller prevailed upon him not to see any one else in the course of the evening, and left the room with his daughter.

Soon after the doctor came from the ship, and, being informed of the violence of his attack, went to his room.

After a careful examination of his condition, he said to Karl,—

"You are not so well to-night, having, I fear, overtaxed your strength."

"Doctor," said Karl, looking intently at him, "am I likely to recover? Do not hesitate to say the whole truth. Death and I have been near neighbours on many occasions. I do not shrink from him now. I trust in an unfailing resource, and hope to be happy hereafter, if it is God's will."

"You will never be quite strong again, but

the term of your stay in this world will depend partly upon your own care and self-restraint."

"Thank you for your candour. I have thought so ever since my injury. Oblige me by sending Manfred here when you leave."

"He shall come to-morrow. Let me caution you not to speak more than you are obliged, or you will defeat your own wishes."

He left with the promise not to inform his shipmates of his dangerous state.

That night Petersen became much worse, and upon his cheeks arose the fatal blush of the evening of disease; his eyes were very bright, and he suffered from profuse perspirations. In the morning Manfred came to him.

Karl pointed to a chair, and taking his hand, retained it while speaking.

"My dear friend, the sun is leaving us slowly, a long night awaits us: we must soon part. The night will close between us. Grant me one last request. Do not try to encourage me with the false hope of life. I know, I feel, I am dying."

Manfred could only reply by pressing the trembling hand he held.

"There are but two in the world I would name with you, my dear Walter,—my mother and sister. Tell them, Walter, of my death, let no one else break it to them, say how happy I am in the thoughts of a glorious future, in the hope of meeting them hereafter, where no parting shall destroy our happiness; speak words of kindness, and—and, that my thoughts were of them in the long hours of trial and pain." Karl paused frequently to recover breath. "Walter, I would have lived to speak your praises, to tell them of your goodness to me, and to hear their thanks; but a higher power decrees it otherwise, and I have learned to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

His voice, which had gradually been growing weaker, suddenly ceased, the pressure upon Walter's hand relaxed, a change came over the countenance of his friend; and, before he could rise from his seat, a violent shudder shook the attenuated form, and Karl Patersen lay still for ever.

Manfred sought assistance, and met Müller coming to the room, followed by Captain Hertz.

"He is dead, my friend is dead," Walter

"THE FULMAR."
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said, and hurried past them, into the open air.

There were sad hearts upon the land and upon the water that night.

The lessons of Karl's early childhood came back to him in his illness, and strengthened by his own life's practice, were now more beautiful than ever. He blessed the mother who had spoken them to him in love, and, in his turn, shed their peaceful influence over those who ministered to his latter hours, so that they remained for a comfort to their minds, associated, as they were, with his happy death.

Müller's cares increased with the winter, and yet, in the midst of his occupation, his thoughts reverted to his young friend, and to the sad, yet pleasant hours he passed by his side. He loved him as a son, and mourned for him in his heart.

Silena wept for the companion who had given rise to many holy thoughts, and whose gentle manner and loving nature had made his loss that of a brother.

The *Fulmar* was frozen hard and fast for

the winter, and intercourse was maintained with the shore by the dog sledges. The intense cold and darkness rendered dining out a daring adventure. Manfred obtained leave to visit the manse for a short time, having received a pressing invitation from Müller, who had become much attached to his young companion; and with the instructive and interesting conversation of the father and daughter, the time passed swiftly.

There was one common ground for friendship between them, the love they all had for their lost friend, Karl Petersen. They never wearied in recounting his gentleness and goodness of heart. The sadness Karl's death threw over the household had not passed away, when symptoms of returning spring led them to desire an early disruption of the ice. Birds were heard off to the south; and seals were known to be at work, keeping their breathing holes free, in the same direction. There were prophets of the time of their release, and the one most believed was old Davie. His adventure during the autumn was the cause of many a tough 'yarn, and he sometimes drew largely upon his creative faculty.

The high tides now cracked and loosened the shore ice, and a northerly wind opened a narrow lane, some miles to the south of Uppernavik. At length open water could be seen from the mast-head, and one morning, the look out reported a ship in sight, running in for the settlement. She could not approach nearer than six or seven miles that evening; on the next day, the floe turned off from the land, leaving a clear passage. A boat was sent from the *Fulmar* to meet her, and returned with the owner of the yacht, Colonel Manfred, who, in his anxiety to see his son, had readily accepted the officer's invitation to go with him to the *Fulmar*. Walter was on deck, and descried his father before he came alongside. The greeting was hearty.

"You will be surprised, Walter, when I tell you the Petersens and Dr. Krantz are with us."

"Yes; indeed!"

"How is Karl?"

"Hush! he is dead, poor fellow."

"How very sad! what will be the effect upon his mother? How shall we break the dreadful intelligence to her? This is, indeed,

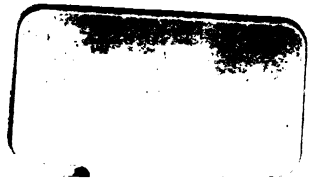
a melancholy ending to our pleasure trip. What shall we do, Walter?"

"Karl enjoined me, sir, to acquaint Mrs. Petersen with his death, and on no account to allow another person to do so."

Captain Hertz approached the colonel and welcomed him to the *Fulmar;* then, turning, said, "Manfred, take the cutter and go on board the yacht, that you may comply with our friend's last wish."

The interview shall remain sacred, as we have known sufficient of Mrs. Petersen's character to be aware that the mournful intelligence was received with the faith and submission of a Christian.

The yacht returned to Demark in company with the *Fulmar.* After the lapse of a year, Müller was recalled, and settled with his daughter and Gottfrieda in the suburbs of Copenhagen. The friends of our tale were ever after bound together by the remembrance of

"WARM HEARTS IN COLD REGIONS."

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